THE New Republic

The South
In 1960
R. A. Scammon

Page 14

Thoughts on Negotiating With the Russians

by MICHAEL LINDSAY

Alaskan Portrait . . . . . *Patrick O'Donovan*
Cliburn & His Contemporaries . *B. H. Haggin*
The Habit of Truth . . . . . *C. P. Snow*

Louis J. Halle on the Middle East

"When sand, gravel, and rocks begin to slip down the mountain-side the prudent mountaineer does not rush forward to catch them and stop them and put them back. He bestirs himself to stand aside... until the sliding material has found a new 'angle of repose'."

AUGUST 18, 1958

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Washington Wire

"A Famous Victory"

IN 1934 ENGLAND treated with justified contempt a little group of calamity howlers who warned that Hitler was overtaking it in air power. Stanley Baldwin, as prime minister, was a master of reassurance. Again and again that prophet of doom and gloom, Winston Churchill, raised his dismal warning from the back benches, and again and again the beneficent premier denied the charge and contributed memorable phrases.

There was a comic episode in 1935. Baldwin had to admit to Parliament that he had been completely wrong. He did not say that he had misled the country; no!—"we were completely misled . . . it is the responsibility of the government as a whole, and we are all responsible, and we are all to blame."

Churchill (recalls historian A. L. Rowse) expected that this shocking admission, exposing the nation's danger, "would have immediate consequences." He was wrong. "The very frankness of Baldwin's confession doubled his popularity with a complacent House: one would have thought that he had won a famous victory."

And Churchill? He wrote in *The Second World War* that he felt a sensation of despair:

> To be so entirely convinced and vindicated in a matter of life and death to one's country, and not to be able to make Parliament and the nation heed the warning, or bow to the proof by taking action, was an experience most painful.

When World War II broke out, Britain instead of possessing air dominance had barely half the number of German planes.

It is this same feeling of near-despair that is evident among increasing numbers of American commentators today. Neither Sputnik nor the latest episode of our bizarre diplomacy penetrate the all-pervasive complacency.

Until Sputnik the American public had not the slightest idea that we were losing the arms race to the Russians. When it came, it seemed briefly that this would rouse the nation. But this was to reckon without the stupefying effects of White House reassurance.

In October, 1956, Eisenhower noted "our present commanding lead in nuclear weapons." On November 7, 1957, he soothed the country over TV: "We are well ahead of the Soviets in the nuclear field."

On November 13, he observed that "there is much more to the matter of security than spending money." There are "intangibles," he continued, "professional competence of our military," the "soundness and productivity" of our economy and "above all, the spiritual strength of our Nation."

In vain have experts like the Rockefeller Brothers' panel recommended increasing defense spending in cumulative amounts of $3 billion annually. This departing Congress has been rebuffed by the White House even over smaller sums.

It is now known that since 1955 the US has had a radar monitoring system in Turkey which gave proof that the USSR was leading us in development of long-range ballistic missiles. The fact was concealed from the public. The Administration, obsessed with secrecy, equates "urgency" with hysteria.

One for Our Side?

SO MUCH on the defense side. Meanwhile now we have had the extraordinary diplomatic episode of the proposed face-to-face Eisenhower-Khrushchev public debate, at an extemporized UN Summit conference for which no adequate preparations had been made.

"The President has neither the training and knowledge nor the vitality for such an ordeal," commented Walter Lippmann. He added that we were betrayed into this strange situation by "panicky and miscarried cleverness."

The imagination simply cannot cope with the concept! The thought of the unfortunate President, who has avoided meeting even the American press since the Sherman Adams episode and who has been secluded from direct questions since July 2, through all the Lebanon crisis, standing up to trade extemporaneous TV punches with the bouncing amiable cut-throat Khrushchev makes the mind reel. And yet Dulles actually had him committed to this at one point.

Dulles at 70 busily hops from point to point—London one day, South America the next, not merely formulating policy but negotiating it, executing it. Dulles needs nobody to help him. Eisenhower delegates everything to Dulles, and Dulles can delegate it to nobody.

Well, well, be comforted and reassured. When it is all over you will find that, like the British losing their air supremacy under Baldwin in 1935, we have really "won a famous victory."

The Political View

THE POLITICAL VIEW becomes clearer. Segregationist Governor Faubus' landslide re-nomination means that, try as the Democrats will, the split in their party won't go away. It may cost them victory in 1960, but if they appease and pretend it isn't there, they will lose anyway. As for this fall—the GOP hopes to contain expected losses by making labor the issue. The Senate Republican Policy Committee has already issued a fervid document: "The Labor Bosses—America's Third Party."

The ADA has a flattering right-wing competitor — "ACA" (Americans for Constitutional Action). Dedicated to "free enterprise" and a clock that runs backward, ACA is headed by ex-Jones and Laughlin Steel Company chairman, Admiral Ben Moreel, and is hailed by columnist David Lawrence, who favors any status so long as it is quo. ADA and ACA are likely to draw the real issues facing the country much more clearly than the make-believe battles of the Republicans and Democrats.

Notes

ALL THROUGH this recession, wages and prices, instead of declining, have advanced; steel leads the way to new inflation. After a 10-year struggle one small organization, the anti-Stalinist "Independent Socialist League," has actually got itself removed from the Attorney General's subversive list; most List members are defunct.

T.R.B.

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COMING IN SEPTEMBER

Guide to the 85th Congress

IN TIME for the fall campaign, the *NR* will publish another of its periodic reports on Congress, with voting records of all members on selected key issues.

●

THE NEXT issue of the *NR* will be dated September 1; at that time we will resume our weekly publication schedule.

Our Algeria

WE REMARKED in these pages the other week on the striking and instructive similarity between the President's reactions to events in Lebanon this year and in Little Rock, Arkansas, the year before. In the same issue, Hans J. Morgenthau found "the intervention of the United States . . . in the Middle East both inevitable [as a consequence of previous policy] and a national disaster." Even so, but very much more clearly so, as we pointed out at the time, was it in the end inevitable that troops be sent to Little Rock; and even so it was a tragedy and a national disaster.

In respect to the Middle East, the glimmer of an awareness that the Marines alone cannot solve and may aggravate the problem appears to have dawned in the Administration. But in the matter of school segregation we are heading once again this fall for tragedy and disaster, and we are rudderless. No Greek drama ever moved as surely toward a grave denouement, and yet the President of the United States, forgetting that he has seen the play before, thinks he is witnessing some comedy of manners or other and protests in purest innocence that he doesn't know the plot.

Question (at press conference, August 7, 1958): "We are approaching . . . another school year that seems likely to produce as much tension . . . over racial integration as last year and, perhaps, more. I wondered, sir, whether you had any plans . . . ?"

Answer: "Well, I haven't planned at this moment any particular speeches. . . . Now I cannot possibly tell you in what aspect any acute situation may arise, indeed, whether there ever will be of that kind. . . . "

Question: "Some time ago, sir, [there was a suggestion of] a meeting between you and Governor Almond of Virginia concerning the school integration crisis in near-by Arlington. Have you any plans . . . ?"

Answer: "Well, there is no time that I have heard this advanced . . . From all I know, the Governor is a reasonable American, and if he would like to talk to me, I would like to talk to him. . . . I have no objection, certainly. . . . "

In all the wide literate world, Mr. Eisenhower is the only person who has no idea whether any acute situation may arise this fall. And Governor Almond of Virginia is, in regard to integration in the public schools of his state, most emphatically not a reasonable American. It is getting so, what with the Administration's *immobilisme*, that he could scarcely afford to be. Rather he is committed, somewhat quixotically, perhaps, but nonetheless committed, to closing the schools of his state before allowing the races to be integrated in them. And the last action that he would be likely to find profitable just now is to *ask* for a meeting with the President. (Always provided that he could get one. The President's press conference offers don't necessarily count for much with his appointments secretary.)

All the wide world has known for a year that from the segregationist point of view Little Rock was a highly successful exercise. The recent easy renomination of Governor Faubus confirms this. After, as we expect, the

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Court of Appeals in St. Louis reverses Judge Lemley's decree postponing integration in Little Rock and orders the School Board to proceed again, what can we look for but a repetition of the whole sorry mess?

And will the same thing not be enacted elsewhere, perhaps in Texas, and quite possibly in Virginia?

Southern politicians have tasted blood. Someone has reminded them of Mr. Dooley's ancient and engaging little cynicism to the effect that the Supreme Court follows the election returns. They have correctly perceived the grain of truth in this, which is that in our society, the Supreme Court's will cannot in the long run prevail if it goes counter to deeply-felt popular needs or convictions, or even if it is opposed by a determined and substantial minority and received with indifference by the rest of the community (See Gerald Johnson, p. 9). But the only reason why Southern politicians have been able to convince themselves that the national majority supports the Court's school integration decision with, at best, indifference is that the President has never done what he alone can do, that is, mobilize national opinion, and moderate Southern opinion, too. He has never even said that he considers the Court's decision right. This inveterate preacher has never preached on the morality of integration.

It is very late; much ground has been lost. But it is also inadmissible to think that it is too late. Segregation is our Algeria. It is the ineluctable problem; it is pervasive, affecting in a thousand ways the future of this nation and its place in the world. The judiciary is near—if it has not reached—the end of its resources. The Executive must lead. And if he does not choose to advance matters by his own vast powers now, he will eventually have to lead us in a fight to break the Southern grip on Congress, so that we may achieve progress by legislation.

Gore Stands Pat

THERE STILL is a moderate Southern opinion to mobilize—at least when a man who has ability and energy and the confidence of his constituents places racial issues in some perspective—at least in Tennessee.

On television screens, through radio loudspeakers, on billboards lining the highways from the Great Smoky Mountains to the Mississippi River, during recent weeks Tennesseans were exposed to a saturation campaign of accusation and invective by 62-year old former Governor Prentice Cooper as he sought to unseat the 58-year old incumbent, Sen. Albert Gore. Cooper charged that Gore, by refusing to sign the Southern Manifesto, by voting for the final version of the Civil Rights bill, and by advocating reciprocal trade agreements, had betrayed the Southern Way of Life and turned his back on his native state. Gore accepted the challenge and broadened the arena. Cooper appeared at rallies waving a copy of the Southern Manifesto. "Tennessee is a Southern state—my first official act will be to sign this Manifesto which my opponent refused to sign." He added that he would introduce a bill to reverse the Supreme Court decision of 1954. He also charged that the record showed that Senator Gore had "said 'aye' to the Civil Rights bill—after which bayoneted troops were sent to Little Rock to force integration at Central High School."

Gore ignored the Manifesto—it never had any real meaning beyond that of a high-flown political gimmick, anyway—and the complete misrepresentation of the Civil Rights bill he patiently explained away by the truth, terming the bill right-to-vote legislation. "I believe in the right to vote regardless of economic status, religion or race." He also stated that he believed "a mild bill would forestall passage of a severe bill for some time to come."

Seeking to take advantage of the recession and the admitted injury to a few Tennessee industries—textiles, pottery, zinc, aluminum—from foreign competition, Cooper struck hard at Gore's leadership in extending America's reciprocal trade agreements. "His record proves him to be a global, One World do-gooder, advocating a program that is sapping the life out of this nation."

In a state whose two major crops are cotton and tobacco, Gore, long a disciple of Cordell Hull, pointed out: "Last year West Tennessee produced $73 million worth of cotton and $47 million of it was sold in foreign markets," and in East Tennessee he read from a telegram sent him by the Tobacco Leaf Exporters Association: "If this [trade agreements] act is not extended we certainly will lose a major part of tobacco exports totalling $300 million per year." And he reminded all Tennesseans that their state's share of industrial and agricultural exports last year was more than $230 million.

Gore assumed no labels. He gave the voters his record and stood by it, and on August 7 they gave him six more years to implement it. The people of Tennessee proved that agitators in Clinton and violence in Nashville were not their only frames of reference in selecting their political leaders. TVA and Oak Ridge are also in Tennessee.

Harken!

"UPON occasion, in the past, you have harkened to my counsel. It profited you greatly. It profited, likewise, your fellow citizens and the State and the Nation. Therefore harken now, that success attend you and yours tomorrow." Thus spake John Llewelyn Lewis, Zeus of the United Mine Workers, to his members in West Virginia on the eve of the August 5 primary election. His counsel was that they should vote for former Governor

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William C. Marland, locked in mortal combat for one of the two Democratic Senatorial nominations with former Representative Jennings Randolph. The record does not show how many mine workers in West Virginia harkened. It does show that Marland was soundly beaten. John L. Lewis may not be able to deliver votes—as who can, these days—but he is without a peer when it comes to writing an endorsement.

Crybaby Diplomacy

WHEN Mr. Dulles blames everything in the Middle East on "indirect aggression," and demands that Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Nasser stop it, he casts the United States in the role of the bawling child who insists on winning a losing game. The game in this instance happens to be the Cold War, and both sides, as it is plain to see, resort to the bribes, subversion and propaganda which are as old as power politics and which constitute what Mr. Dulles now labels "indirect aggression."

The best that can be said for the use of this hypocritical gambit is that the Administration had nothing else to use. The Eisenhower Doctrine specifically addressed itself to aggression on the part of countries "controlled by international Communism." Mr. Dulles had to say something, argue his apologists, and as soon as a decent opportunity arose he soft-pedalled "indirect aggression." Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he backed away when it became apparent that the United States could count on few supporters for this line in the UN. But in any case let us be clear why our rhetoric has fallen on deaf ears in most of the world.

The fact is, as Louis J. Halle observes in this issue, that the "basic situation" in Lebanon

> was not . . . one of aggression from without. The basic situation was one of civil war within, to which such "aggression" as existed, while not negligible, was incidental. Civil wars almost always attract covert outside participation by foreign elements interested in one side rather than the other, but this does not alter the fact that they are civil wars.

In the case of Lebanon the internal political facts have been clear for months; Bushrod Howard, Jr., for example, wrote nearly seven weeks ago in this journal that "the appointment of the head of the Army, General Fuad Shehab, as head of a government of national unity in which opposition leaders would participate . . . would stop the fighting tomorrow" (*NR*, June 30). The facts of the Lebanese case certainly do not conform to what we believe should be the test for any military intervention in civil strife—by a great power or by the UN—namely, whether outside forces are primarily responsible for events.

According to this test neither incitement to assassination nor even the export of terrorists can be called aggression, indirect or otherwise, in most of the Middle East. The inflammatory language of Radio Cairo is less relevant than the fact that this language gives voice—often the only voice—to deeply held popular sentiments. Nasser in his support of Pan-Arabism, and the Soviet Union in some of its more effective adventures abroad, go, in short, where they are invited by dominant public opinion—where they can play good politics in contrast to our political ineptitude.

This is not to say there will never be situations short of formal invasion which will call for the use of force. Intervention was justified in the case of Korea by the presence of massive Chinese support, including "volunteers," which branded outside forces as primarily responsible for events. But the US will not often encounter the clumsiness of Korea, and we must, as a consequence, learn to play the political (which is also the economic) game. We must recognize, moreover, that when the political game has been lost it only makes matters worse to rush in the Marines. And finally, when it *has* been lost, we must learn not to bawl—as we are doing when we belabor self-righteous charges which, as Walter Lippmann points out, "amount to a demand that in the weapons of the Cold War, our adversaries shall disarm."

Lion in a Cage

PERHAPS the best aspect of Mr. Hammarskjold's proposal for a UN program in the Middle East is the corrective it administers to outdated Western conceptions. Ever since 1955—the date of the Soviets' first deal in Egypt—the Western powers have gone on behaving as if they could keep the Middle East as a Western preserve. They have gone on trying to insulate it against intruders. They have gone on competing in unilateral aid. The Hammarskjold proposal that the UN should now do the aiding recognizes the hard fact that all outsiders—including the Russians—have the right to intrude; and, incidentally, that all intruders are equal and equally unpalatable in most Arab eyes.

Implicitly, Hammarskjold offers Western statesmen a dignified way of backing out of a blind alley. Under his wing they could accept as a *fait accompli* Russia's right and ability to do what the West does as well as the inevitability of multilateral aid in a region which wants to be neutral. The Hammarskjold proposal proffers change in a way which is least likely to be unpalatable, not only to the Arabs, but also to the West.

But his scheme calls for criticism and much tailoring, for, as initially outlined, it ignores a major pitfall. Economic and technical aid to the Middle East will always fall down if it is conceived on the basis of first founding an organization and then looking around for good deeds

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to be done. Point Four made this mistake and produced negligible results for the money spent. The Baghdad Pact's economic organization was faulty in the same way. The right way to start is to do it the opposite way around—to single out a few limited jobs worth doing and then to create an organization tailored to do them. The UN's only successes in the Middle East (Hammarskjold enumerated them) were all organized on this functional basis. Only a severely practical approach stands any chance of success. The statesmen who take refuge by voting some hazy great Santa Claus schemes may give themselves a lump in the throat, but they will solve nothing either on a short- or on a long-term basis.

Moreover, no economic program, no matter how functionally based, will be beneficial if it does not rest on a sound political foundation. Mr. Hammarskjold does not face up to the urgent necessity for a political solution of the problems arising from the instability of Jordan. King Hussein is brave as a lion, but he is a lion in a cage, and like all caged lions, he is growing haggard in his confinement. Jordan will disintegrate unless someone pays it $50 million annually, and, even when so subsidized, it may disintegrate under the very eyes of the troops sent to save it. Israel, needless to say, will be vitally concerned with the disposition of its fragments whenever and however Jordan does fall apart.

In a word, UN aid to the Middle East entails a return of the UN to the scenes of former failure—the Palestine problem, the Arab refugee problem and the problem of Israel's frontiers. The UN members will have to tackle matters they shirked tackling, other than by passing abortive resolutions, in the years following the Palestine war.

Whether in the Middle East as a whole or on the Palestine frontier, package solutions are doomed to fail. They raise so many objections that spirits quail and action is shelved. If any progress is to be made, it is essential to single out some practical starting point and to build from there. How about rescuing Arab Jerusalem—or, if the inhabitants are agreeable, a larger slice of the West bank of Jordan—from its present picturesque but ghastly destitution? How about returning to the notion of an international enclave, but this time one to which the UN can provide life blood by establishing a headquarters proffering new employment? How about restoring a shrine to which the pilgrims of three faiths can travel in peace of mind? Any such scheme is bound to encounter Arab opposition—and it would be especially distasteful if it called for no Israeli sacrifice. Yet, such opposition need not be insurmountable to UN delegates who are resolute enough to bargain with the realists among the new young Arabs and to point out that the alternative would be uncontrollable Israeli expansion. But the West must accept the probability that such a deal would have to transfer the rest of Jordan where the great majority of its people want to be—inside the United Arab Republic.

East Wind, West Wind

RECENT REPORTS from the Chinese Nationalist Defense Ministry say that the Chinese Communists have sent MIG-17 jets into several airfields along the East China coast opposite Taiwan and the Chinese offshore islands which until recently had not been occupied. There are official reports also that the Communists are moving troops, tanks and anti-aircraft artillery into positions on the mainland off Quemoy. Since shortly *before* the Iraqi coup, the Chinese Communist press has been full of allegations that the Nationalists are planning an attack against the mainland and has printed statements that the "People's Liberation Army" is ready to "liberate" Taiwan "at any moment."

This last statement is probably an exaggeration since, so far as is known, the Russians have not yet equipped their Chinese allies with nuclear weapons or guided missiles which they would probably consider essential preparation in the event the US should come to the defense of the Chiang Kai-shek regime. Moreover, important railways in Fukien province are still unfinished—though they are being rushed to completion. But although all this may lead to nothing, it would be very rash to dismiss it as a bluff. Similar statements and actions by the Chinese Communists were dismissed as bluff in October, 1950, with disastrous results.

And recent events suggest that Chinese influence on Russian policies may have grown strong enough to overcome any Soviet objections to such an adventure. Experts attribute the extremely harsh tone and approach of the recent Sino-Soviet communique following the Peking talks to Chinese influence on content and wording. Khrushchev's letter of August 5 rejecting a special Security Council meeting at which Nationalist China would have been present almost certainly resulted in part from the opposition of the Mao Tse-tung government. According to Polish sources, Mao had been adamant in his talks with Khrushchev in opposition to a meeting within the Security Council. It was apparently the Chinese who precipitated the recent break with Tito and may well also have persuaded Khrushchev to cancel the Yugoslav loan and order the execution of Nagy (see Harold Hinton, *NR*, July 21, 1958).

The leverage which the Russians can exert on the Chinese, apart from ideology, in the case of need, consists of obvious military and economic aid (which may not be so great as is often supposed since the Chinese generally pay their own way in their dealings with the Russians); while the leverage available to the Chinese seems to arise fundamentally from the fact that world Communism and the Soviet Union are almost as deeply committed as the Chinese Communists themselves to the Chinese Communist experiment and Peking's two main short-term objectives: the industrialization of China and

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the expulsion of American influence from the Far East. Chinese failure in either of these things would be a setback of titanic proportions to Russia as well as to China. In addition, Peking has rendered Moscow important services, for example by upholding Soviet leadership during the unpleasant aftermath of the Polish and Hungarian crises and at the critical November, 1957, conference after the removal of Zhukov. If Khrushchev's position in his own party is actually less secure than it seems, he is certainly mindful that Chinese support of his opponents—assuming that there are some—might be enough to tip the scales against him. China's leverage within the bloc is, in short, very great, and the Chinese rather than the Russians are likely to decide in the last analysis for or against an attack at this time on the offshore islands.

Manic Recession

WE HAVE before us a news release prepared for De Soto in Detroit by Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn. It reports:

"A group of automobile dealers meeting here this week agreed that the economic slump is a 'mental disease which can be cured by some honest, sincere selling'."

But the next sentence pats the public on its addled head: "The consumer has not forgotten how to buy," they agreed. "It is just that we've forgotten how to sell." The boys may be too hard on themselves. Salesmanship is not quite dead. Take an item in the *New York Herald Tribune* just a while back: "One of the city's biggest auto dealers is bugging showroom offices. Seems if a couple is undecided on buying a car, the salesmen puts them in an empty—but tapped—office and suggests they 'talk it over.' He listens in secretly, finds just what the trouble is. When the couple emerge, they are bombarded with a tailor-made sales pitch." . . . And in California, we are told, real estate developers have hired Boy Scouts to copy license numbers of cars driving through their projects. The numbers are traced for telephone solicitations.

There follow—to return to BBDO—four pages of peppy exchanges, dotted with words like "zip," "great," "fight," "win," "faith" and "go, go, go." Not a word about car style, quality or price, except a comment by dealer Tom McClelland of Shreveport, La., that price is not the answer, but confidence. "If it wasn't for the headlines we wouldn't know business is bad in Shreveport," he is quoted as saying. "Reports of bad business and lay-offs are causing people to withhold their spending power."

We have studied Mr. McClelland's remarks, as conveyed by BBDO, with increasing bewilderment. If reports of bad business are the cause of bad business, what is the cause of the reports? The obvious thing is to trace the infection to the newspapers; but the publishers were in New York recently for their convention, and a more positive-thinking bunch of fellows you'd never want to meet. At one of their meetings at the Waldorf a boxing ring was pitched in the ballroom and the speaker climbed inside to point up the theme: "We're in there punching" for more advertising. The publishers loved it. Yet they reported widespread pressure from advertisers to expunge the negative content of their news columns. According to *The Wall Street Journal*, a big New York merchandise buying office wrote to retailers around the country: "Have you talked to your local newspaper publisher about his scare headlines? . . . Retailers support the newspapers—now it's time for them to give you some support." One publisher told of a customer who pulled his advertising out in protest. The papers did not suppress the news about business, but blanketed it with a You Auto Buy Now program, which brought the advertiser back.

The paradoxical combination of the Coué treatment (Detroit: "You never had it so good"; Dallas: "Texans, Think Up!") with exhortations to spend frantically; (Newark: "The job you save may be your own"; Atlanta: "Y'all auto buy now") has raised the hackles of *The Wall Street Journal*, which holds to the old purgative therapy, based on the theory that a recession may be just what the doctor ordered to get the poisons out of the system. Commenting on the fact that the marriage (or, as the economists call it, home formation) rate has declined during the recession, with possible dire effects on demand for houses, television sets and diaper services, the *Journal* hoots that, if it is our patriotic duty to buy, buy, buy, it may follow that it is our patriotic duty to get married, married, married.

About this time, one can forgive the consumer for getting a bit confused. And at that, he is not much worse off than the economists. (*The Wall Street Journal* quotes a candid but anonymous "top specialist" in the Government: "You never really know where you are. Where are we going? I don't know for sure, and I don't think anyone else does. All we can tell is where we've been—and the figures are usually 30 days behind.") Secretary of Commerce Weeks attributes the recession to Sputnik No. 1, which, he told a House committee, got the public nervous and caused it to stop spending. President James Leftwich of Woolworth's suggests that it was the Asian flu, which put millions of customers in bed last fall.

There are, unhappily, as many treatments as diagnoses. Alfred Politz, the market researcher, says: "The solution to marketing problems is not necessarily one of giving customers what they want, but rather to make the customers want what we, the marketers, want them to want." To conclude: What the public should do now is buy, as President Eisenhower urges, or put its money into savings bonds, as the Secretary of the Treasury urges, or say the hell with it, as *The Wall Street Journal* urges.

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The Rue Dauphine Refuses the Revolution

Paris

IN WORLD WAR I when only a few doughboys had gotten to the front and the Germans were advancing on Paris, a wounded *poilu* said to Gertrude Stein: "This is leading to revolution." "Be sensible," she assured him, "you French invented a perfectly good revolution more than a hundred years ago. You won't repeat yourself." This recurred to me the other day when Paris was politically disturbed, very disturbed indeed. Even in the busy workingman's district in which I live, revolution was not spoken of, but people were more excited than usual. One morning when I went marketing there was a long line of women standing before the grocer's. As I passed on the narrow sidewalk a woman came out of the store and announced: "It's a deception. They have a ton of sugar all piled up to the ceiling. They have deceived us." It took no more than this to discourage hoarding.

If the people were more excited than usual the streets and the air were noticeably quieter. It was a pleasant sensation when it didn't remind one of mobilization and war. No airplanes were flying over Paris. They left the airport of Orly for the east and the south and from that of Bourget for the north and west. Then, when none of the leaders called by President Coty could form a government, the air over Paris was filled with low-flying police helicopters. The Rue Dauphine did not know whether to consider them a menace or a protection, a threat or a promise. But the concierges, all of whom know the worst and are supposed to believe it, commenced to spread rumors. Before going to buy the best fruitcake now baked in Paris to offer Marie Antoinette fashion to the mob when it broke into my flat, I went downstairs to the loge to speak to our concierge. Her husband had closed the heavy doors leading from the curb to the street.

No taxis answering my telephone call, I went off on foot through my quarter into the aristocratic one of the boulevard Saint-Germain. There were very few women on the streets—just groups of men of strangely assorted ages and classes. They looked like conspirators from a scene of grand opera. When finally, exhausted, I got to the bakers, I bought the largest fruitcake they had and for Marie Antoinette's sake a large box of small palely frosted cakes. With these I commenced the homeward trek. The odd groups were piling into cars—small cars to hold so many. "What are they up to?" I asked of a policeman at the corner, his back turned toward the automobiles. For answer he shrugged his shoulders. "At least we are quiet here," he said. I trudged all the way home again.

There was a Sunday calm in the Rue Dauphine though the next morning my little street was agitated. The scavengers had found in one of the large tin cans in which the occupants of my apartment house empty their garbage, an unexploded bomb. The noise in the court below had attracted me to the kitchen window in time to go see what was happening. A policeman was taking the bomb for examination to the police station. The street was crowded. This was as near violence as it got.

My compatriots were not accepting the events lightly. They felt that the Place de la Concorde in which our Embassy is situated was the hub of the revolution. They did not hesitate to use the word. When an American friend came to see me one evening she said she heard shouting. "Not through the closed windows," I said, "and from almost a mile away." Nothing happened that evening but the word revolution was heard less. People commenced to speak of de Gaulle and potatoes. De Gaulle was in Paris and was being acclaimed in Algiers. As for the tubercules, they had suddenly disappeared from the Paris market. The winter stock was exhausted, the spring potatoes were not being brought up from Africa nor down from Brittany. I was ready to bet that de Gaulle would be prime minister for what remained of the Fourth Republic before potatoes reappeared. De Gaulle was no longer supported by the extreme Right but by the Center to which gradually the working class was turning.

THE SITUATION was beginning to remind me of Leon Blum. Had he not scandalized the smart political salons he frequented in his youth by proposing social reforms for the workers and had he not come into power by supporting the extreme Left in the demonstration of '36, by planting the red flag in the Place de l'Alma—but ending with the support in the middle class? Do not French leaders end their careers in the same way—in the words of Clemenceau—"Ils méritent bien de leur patrie"? They deserve well of this country.

ALICE B. TOKLAS

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The Superficial Aspect

Rescue the Perishing

WHAT this country needs is a good, five-cent missionary—a five-center, so that we should be able to employ them, not singly but by regiments in order to reach all the heathen. And the heathen I have in mind are not the poor, benighted Hindu and Ah Sin, the peculiar Chinee, but the bully boys of Fall River, Massachusetts, Fort Wayne, Indiana, and Stockton, California, the boys who chip in to pay the salary of some priest or parson, and who even go to church on Sundays.

I am not saying that these characters need the New Testament preached to them; but they do need the gospel of the teacher whom John Randolph called "Saint Thomas of Cantingbury," especially that part of it asserting that all men are created equal and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights. Their need is established, not by what happened at Little Rock, but by what did not happen.

What did not happen was an overwhelming popular condemnation of the course of Governor Faubus. The press protested, including a considerable segment of the Southern press. Intellectuals protested, including Southern intellectuals. Religious leaders protested, the Southern Baptist Convention adopting resolutions that went much further than the Supreme Court ever went.

But Arkansas didn't protest. On the contrary, it supported Faubus overwhelmingly.

It is evident, then, that in Arkansas press, intellectuals and religious leaders do not reflect popular opinion. The question now arises, do they reflect it any more accurately in Ohio and Indiana, in Maine and in Oregon? The Negro population of these states is not, or is not yet, large enough to make segregation in the public schools an issue of practical importance. But defiance of the Supreme Court is a matter that concerns every state, and there is only too much evidence that some politicians regard it as a popular policy elsewhere than in Arkansas.

In witness whereof consider the flood of bills offered by Northern and Western members of Congress the effect of which would be to reverse the Court's decisions upholding the Bill of Rights. The passport decisions sustaining an American's right to freedom of movement; the pre-emption decisions protecting him from the risk of being twice tried and punished for the same offense; and the decisions sustaining the right of the accused to face his accusers in open court, are all under attack.

It is a rare, not to say unheard-of-event for a Congressman to introduce a bill that he believes will infuriate a majority of his constituents, so the number of such measures more than suggests a widespread fear that the Bill of Rights is dangerous. A white man who suspects that his own rights are dangerous to national security cannot be expected to be a militant champion of the Negro's rights.

McCarran (D) and McCarthy (R), Walter (D) and Jenner (R) with their followers have done their work all too well. They have established a climate of fear and suspicion of freedom. They have convinced shallow thinkers—and they are numbered by myriads—that freedom is already over-extended and its restriction is desirable. What wonder, then, that an effort to extend full rights to Negroes has met with a languid response?

When troops were sent into Little Rock, many people mistook it for a bold, resolute action. It is clear now that it was a miscalculation of the unpopularity of such a move. If Sherman Adams had been gifted with a sense of humor, he would have advised the President simply to federalize the Arkansas National Guard, sending a regular army officer to command it if necessary. This would have hoist Faubus with his own petard, and by making him a laughing-stock might have finished him. Instead, Washington made him a martyr.

But that is water over the dam. The problem now is to rally widespread support, not primarily for segregation, or even for the authority of the Supreme Court, but for defense of the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights. Hence the need for missionaries, "not single spies, but in battalions." It is discouraging to think that in 1958 we must go back and repeat the arguments of Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry in 1776, but when fundamental liberty is in danger we must revert to the fundamental arguments through which it was first established, trite and hackneyed though they may be.

THEORETICALLY we should have no need of a horde of travelling exhorters. Skillful, bold and resolute leadership is an army in itself; but it was under our present leadership that we lay supine while demagogues plied axe and lever at the foundations of American freedom. Besides, what with vicuna coats, and the demonstrated ability of the Russians to talk rings around our talkers, our leadership is too hopelessly entangled in troubles of its own to be of real assistance in this field. So it is up to the rank and file; if they fail, then—to maltreat a famous line of Mr. Ogden Nash—we'll all be Arkansas, by and by.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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US Policy: The First Problem In The Middle East

by LOUIS J. HALLE

On July 15, at the request of the Lebanese Government, President Eisenhower sent the Marines into Lebanon to prevent the government's forcible replacement by a government favorable to the movement for Arab union. Few can doubt that this decision, in its consequences, is likely to weaken the Western cause and correspondingly strengthen the opposed cause of international Communism. As in China, we have entangled ourselves in a deteriorating situation from which we shall not easily extricate ourselves.

Yet the decision, when it was taken, may have been right, since by that time the consequences of not taking it would probably have been worse. This article, then, does not question the decision. It questions the course of action that left us, at last, with no better alternative.

The temptation is to berate the men in government on whom the direct responsibility lies. They will have enough to bear, however, in the months to come, and in any case an exclusive concentration of the blame on them would be as shallow as it was unjust. The failure of our policy is a national failure flowing from established national illusions about the world. It comes from misconceptions that have led us astray in the same fashion before. By now, however, we should be ripe for the lessons it has to teach.

The basic political temper of the American people in this century has been conservative. The periods of popular support for policies of radical change have appeared merely as suspensions of this temper in response to emergencies. No single word sums up this American conservatism better than President Harding's coinage, "normalcy." "Normalcy" implies a world that is not properly subject to change. The mental image is likely to be that of the world in which one was brought up. The American conservative expects that, when the occasion has passed, national budget, taxation, military establishment, foreign relations, and government bureaucracy—all will return to what they were and, therefore, properly should be.

Here is a basic attitude that blinds us to history as it actually is. In effect it denies history. In the midst of a world in continuous and irreversible evolution it attaches itself to the idealized image of a static world—Mr. Eisenhower's world of "the old oaken bucket," Senator Taft's world of 1912, or General MacArthur's world of Far Eastern imperialism, with his father in the van on horseback. If the *status quo ante* is gone, then at least the actual *status quo* must be nailed down. History must not be allowed to go on in this way, even though we have to commit our armed forces to stopping it.

In this simple and massive view, the conflicting forces in international relations are not subject to change. Communism today is what it was when Marx and Engels issued the "Communist Manifesto"; it is the same in China or in Yugoslavia as in Russia. American democracy is what it was when Jefferson composed the Declaration of Independence, and our American Constitution is the symbol of this immutability; swearing to uphold it is swearing to prevent change. Moreover, if the Arab states or Nationalist China are, as our orators have told us, free and democratic nations, they must be duplicates of Jefferson's America.

A world of fixed elements like this is also a world without play. National objectives and policies never really change, friendships and enmities are not subject to modification. Consequently, the relations of conflict or cooperation on the international scene are also unchangeable. They are like Tennessee feuds: no accommodations are thinkable, even though the subject of the quarrel has been forgotten.

All this fits in with the child's crude image of a world that is divided between saints and sinners, cops and robbers, cowboys and Indians—the image perpetuated in those cartoon-strips that are so much more influential than books of history or of political science. In this bi-polar world of total goodness and total villainy there can be no neutrality, no halfwayness, no in-betweenness. If Mr. Nasser connived with some Communists last Tuesday then he is forever one of them. There will never be any doing business with him. Between him and us there can only be war.

This aspect of the American conservative's attitude is just as opposed to the real world as the other. For in history-as-it-is everything keeps changing and switching around, including international alignments. But the con-

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servative thinks that history stopped sometime before he was born, or should have. That is why he is as shocked as he is by the defection from us of the Chinese, and made acutely uncomfortable even by such a pleasing event as Tito's defection from Moscow. He doesn't understand, and he thinks there must be some deep conspiratorial trickery behind it all.

Mr. Dulles has been accused of personal inflexibility; but this is merely the inflexibility of American conservatism.

In consequence of this tendency to assimilate all colors to one end of the spectrum or the other, the notable shift of our government from a policy of containing Communism to a policy of containing the United Arab Republic has been made without our noticing it. The "Eisenhower Doctrine" had been unequivocally explicit in addressing itself only to the prevention of aggression in the Middle East "from any country controlled by international Communism." Testifying on February 14 and 15, last year, before the joint Senate committees on foreign policy, Secretary Dulles said that the US's proposed guarantee against Communist aggression would not involve forcible intervention to keep the peace in the "intra-regional" affairs of the Middle East. This rather ruled out direct reference to the Doctrine when the President, last July 16, had to explain our intervention in Lebanon to the American people; but he equated the UAR's pressure on Lebanon with "the same pattern of conquest with which we became familiar during the period of 1945 to 1950," citing the actions of the Communists against Greece in 1947, against Czechoslovakia in 1948, against China in 1949, and against Korea and Indo-China "beginning in 1950." Then "Lebanon was selected to become a victim." By this verbal association and slight ambiguity the innocent auditor of the President's message was led to assume that the UAR's pressure on Lebanon was an integral part of the whole pattern of Communist aggression, that there was no distinction to be made between the movement for Arab Union under Mr. Nasser's leadership and the worldwide conspiracy centered in Moscow —this in spite of the proclaimed neutralism of Mr. Nasser's policy and the fact that, when the July crisis arose, he was fraternizing in Belgrade with Moscow's great enemy of the day. The distinction, which has fundamental significance for American policy, was simply erased by implication, and this could be done only because the doing conformed to the mythical image in the American mind of an exclusively bi-polar world.

This mythical image includes a view of the world as made up of nation-states created by nature and established for all time, whose sovereign independence and territorial integrity are consequently inviolable. In this view we do not distinguish an artificial construction like Jordan from France or Mexico. We assume that national independence and territorial integrity is what the people in each of the nation-states aspire to more than anything else and that we are identifying ourselves with their aspirations when we guarantee them these things. That is how we find ourselves, today, in the position of guaranteeing the Arabs against Arab union.

But we have made a resounding mistake here, for Arab nationalism today is like German nationalism before 1871. Germany was divided into a multitude of artificial principalities, and the nationalistic allegiance of the German peoples was given not to these political constructions but to the idea of a united German nation. If, when Bismarck was in a position not altogether unlike Nasser's today, we had undertaken to guarantee the independence and territorial integrity of all these principalities, we would have done in Germany essentially what we have now done in the Middle East.

The Eisenhower Doctrine was an explicit guarantee by the United States of the independence and territorial integrity of the Arab fragments against Communist aggression. It made no demands on them in return for our protection. One might think that under the circumstances they could not have failed to welcome such a guarantee. Instead, the predominant Arab sentiment was a compound of resentment, embarrassment, and an irrational fear that the Doctrine represented the threat of imperialistic penetration into their area by the US.

THE notion that independence and territorial integrity, for any political entity that calls itself a nation, represents something like the divine will, is closely tied to "the principles of justice and international law," support of which the President gave as the reason for sending the Marines into Lebanon. (In a statement explicitly contradicted by other statements in the same message, the President said: "That, and that alone, is the purpose of the United States.") These principles, he said, were being violated by such covert aid and comfort as the UAR was giving to the Lebanese rebels. The President described the situation as one of "aggression from without"—another stereotype in the American mind—and it was to meet the aggression that the Marines were sent into Lebanon.

But the basic situation was not, in fact, one of aggression from without. The basic situation was one of civil war within, to which such "aggression" as existed, while not negligible, was incidental. Civil wars almost always attract covert outside participation by foreign elements interested in the victory of one side rather than the other, but this does not alter the fact that they are civil wars. Therefore, in intervening with troops to frustrate the incidental aggression, we have at the same time intervened in the civil war. The external cannot be separated from the internal. Yet the President, in his message to the American people, denied it:

> Some will ask, does the stationing of some United States troops in Lebanon involve any interference in

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the internal affairs of Lebanon? The clear answer is: "No."

There is no need to comment on this statement, except to call attention to it as an example of the professional speech-writer's art.

The crude stereotypes of an historic world, fixed in our national outlook, constitute the basic cause of our failure to deal effectively with the dangers that confront us in the Middle East. The difference between myth and reality is at the root of our present mishap in the Middle East. Also involved, perhaps, is a remnant of what Denis Brogan has called "the illusion of American omnipotence." Nothing is beyond the capacity of our power as a nation. The Marines can stop history.

We ought to note that this is not the first time we have been led astray by these misconceptions. From 1945 to 1949, and still today, we identified the political independence and territorial integrity of China (and therefore "the principles of justice and international law") with the jurisdiction of its Nationalist government. (The Chinese themselves, for whom "the Mandate of Heaven" takes the place of law, did not share these identifications.) When the Nationalist government crumbled and fell, and when in the accompanying civil war the Chinese Communists fought their way into the succession with some aid and comfort from Moscow, we dealt with that event as simple aggression from without, regarding it as the subversion by Moscow of the independence and national sovereignty to which the Chinese people aspired. Our support of Chiang Kai-shek did not (and does not) constitute intervention in the internal affairs of China because China is summed up in him; what is opposed to him is not properly Chinese according to the mythology: it is aggression from without. Today we are still stuck with a commitment to the Chinese people that they welcome as the Arab peoples welcome our commitment to what we think their aspirations must be. In both cases we have used American force to preserve a *status quo* to which we thought they ought to be devoted.

I SHALL not forbear, at this point, to make a comment which I ask the reader not to misunderstand. We are not unique among nations in replacing the real world by a mythological world to which foreign policy then addresses itself. In fact, we are quite outdone in this by the Russian leaders with their Communist mythology. The aspirations of "the people" can be found in the books of Marxism-Leninism. People who are opposed to those aspirations are not "people" at all—they are "enemies of the people." In Hungary, the Soviet Union has identified itself with the aspirations of "the Hungarian people," even though this has meant the forcible suppression of that overwhelming majority of the population which constitutes "the enemies of the people." Carried far enough (much further than we have carried it), our well-intentioned identification of American policy with what the aspirations of the Chinese or the Arabian peoples ought to be could, at last, become indistinguishable from Moscow's support of the aspirations of "the Hungarian people." The first step in preventing it from being carried that far is to recognize the danger.

Today, as always, we live in a dynamic world in which only the continuation of historic change is certain. We may by a combination of power and statesmanship be able within limits to slow down or accelerate the course of history, or to alter its direction by a degree or two. But we cannot stop it by any means at our disposal. Our job, therefore, is to adjust ourselves to it, to anticipate it, and constantly to come to such terms with it as will best preserve the security of our community of free men and nations.

To the extent that what we call "justice and international law" are identical with the *status quo* (and the great weakness of the League of Nations was that its Covenant did, in effect, make this identification) they don't fit the facts of the real world, and, to that extent, their value is academic. To that extent they take their place with such subjects of debate as whether we should give America back to the Indians. It follows that we would not be well advised to defend, say, the Duchy of Westphalia against the movement for German unification simply because our lawbooks say that its independence and territorial integrity are forever inviolate. ("Forever" gets out-of-date so quickly.) On the contrary, we would do better to avoid committing ourselves to Westphalia, well disposed as its government may be, and to think, instead, of the terms to which we might be able to come with a united Germany, if that should be what history has in store.

In many cases, such a recognition of the nature of history will make for a policy of avoiding or minimizing involvement in a developing situation—a policy of *not* seizing initiatives. When sand, gravel, and rocks begin to slip down the mountainside the prudent mountaineer does not rush forward to catch them and stop them and put them back. He bestirs himself to stand aside, to be out of the way when the landslide comes; and he waits until the sliding material has found a new "angle of repose" before he moves to promote its stability.

There was nothing that we could have done between 1945 and 1949 to stop the historic forces that were completing the Chinese Revolution begun in 1912. Our only hope, however slender, lies in coming to terms with what we found on top when the "angle of repose" was at last achieved. But the proposals to this effect, because they were called "treason," could not even be debated (to this day, United States policy toward China has been freely debated in every free country except the United States), and in the absence of debate the lessons of our experience could not be learned. Since it was "treason" to say that we had made a mistake, we were the less likely

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to avoid a repetition of the mistake.

Now, perhaps, we have in fact repeated it in the Middle East. We are, at least, committed to the support by force of the independence and territorial integrity of recently invented states that cannot stand by themselves, that are not supported by their own peoples, and that may well be swept away by the Arab nationalism which identifies itself with the concept of a single Arab nation. At best we may be left holding by force some enclave, some Formosa, which represents forever our inability to adjust ourselves to history, our commitment to the *status quo ante* ("the principles of justice and international law").

ONE reason why I am averse to heaping blame on the people in government is that I am acutely aware of how easy it is, on the one hand, for a magazine-writer to make foreign policy look easy, and how difficult and delicate it is, in fact, to avoid excessive commitment, moral or otherwise, to those whose cooperation one enjoys and values. As the President said, "Readiness to help a friend in need is an admirable characteristic of the American people." But these relations are not all based on ties of sentiment, and there is no long history of love between us and the present Arab governments. These relations are more soundly based on mutual need, and here our advantage as a great power is that in most cases our need of a particular country is distinctly less than its need of us. We eliminate this advantage when, seizing the initiative, we send out missions to press our aid on others instead of waiting for them to come and ask for it. It has at last become commonplace for other countries to tell us the terms on which they will agree to accept our aid. In the case of the Richards Mission we have a variant of this. Mr. Richards offered each of the Middle Eastern governments that would receive him economic aid in return for its public endorsement of the Eisenhower Doctrine, the Doctrine of American support for its independence and territorial integrity. Lebanon gave its endorsement for only $10 million. Others wouldn't give it for any price. Here, then, we seem to have gone out of our way to be allowed to commit ourselves.

The mutual need that, more than any other, binds us to the Arab world is oil. But we have consistently acted as though the Arabs' need to sell oil to the West was less than the West's need to buy it from them. This is the opposite of the truth. With some sacrifice Europe and the Western Hemisphere together could make themselves self-sufficient in oil, but the Arabs have no alternative to Western markets. (Russia is a net exporter of oil.) A resolute first step under American leadership, in the direction of making the West independent of supplies through Suez, would probably have obviated any need to take a second by bringing Nasser to terms on the Canal. But in refusing to take this step we drove the British and French to desperate action, and when Nasser in the frenzy of the military operations that ensued corked his Canal, we arranged to have it uncorked for him without asking anything in return.

Today Iraq, under the newly installed rebel government, is as dependent on Western markets as it was under King Feisal's government. Any Arab union, under Nasser or anyone else, would have the same dependence and, if we took advantage of it, the same inducement to abstain from the Soviet embrace. The foundation for a really rewarding diplomacy in the Middle East would be laid by a first step in the direction of making ourselves independent of Middle Eastern oil so that we could set the terms on which we would buy it. This is fundamental. But we apparently lack the clarity or resolution to take such a step.

The history of our various "non-recognition" policies, especially in Latin America, shows that, given time, it is not impossible for us to uncommit ourselves, where we have made the mistake of committing ourselves either to a regime that was slipping from power or against a regime that was coming in. Having the Anglo-American troops on the spot makes such a policy more difficult, requiring more elaborate operations for saving face, but surely our uncommitted friends in the United Nations can help with this and the job can eventually be done.

If it is true, as I believe it is, that we want to see as much indigenous strength as possible in the Middle East, then the absorption of the present political constructions, with the survival of which the President said our vital national interests were identified, into a united Arab nation bound by economic ties to the West might turn out to be quite a good thing for our vital national interests. And, though this is not a national consideration, our diplomacy in such circumstances might give better security to Israel than it has under present circumstances.

Even if we extricate ourselves from our present plight, however, we shall have to conduct our affairs better in the long run if we are going to hold our own in the real world. This means that we shall have to generate wisdom out of the experience we have been giving ourselves by our mistakes. But we shall not do this by attributing merely to mistaken decision those misadventures that are, in fact, the product of wrong concepts and wrong principles. As a beginning, I suggest that all of us who are concerned with our foreign policy — Republicans, Democrats, independents—inscribe two basic principles over the portals of our minds:

The inevitability of change is the basic challenge to a nation's foreign policy, which, looking to the future, must address itself to a moving rather than a static present.

One test of whether a government has the consent of the governed is its ability to govern by itself. No government that cannot meet this test qualifies for outside support, either on practical grounds or on grounds of principle.

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The South in 1960

by RICHARD SCAMMON

"I THINK that as a consequence of the Little Rock situation and some of the other developments in the South," Democratic National Chairman Paul Butler told a press conference following Governor Faubus' runaway reelection in Arkansas, "the Democratic Party will take the most positive and forthright position on civil rights in the 1960 platform that it has ever adopted. And it will nominate liberal progressive Democrats who will stand upon that platform in the campaign." Many leading States Righters are coming to share his view that the South may be totally without veto power over the national Democratic ticket by the time of the 1960 convention. And in anticipation they are again giving serious thought to the old idea of a third Presidential candidate—a Southern man with a Southern program—to split the electoral vote and throw the election into the House of Representatives where the South might make a deal. How serious is this threat? And to whose interest will it be if it becomes real?

First, bear in mind that it is a third *man,* not a third *party* that is being discussed. Only a handful—and none of the professional politicians—are talking of a new *party*. It is a personality, not a new organization, that may develop from Southern fear of the trend of national politics. Indeed, most Southerners would heatedly argue that a Southern third candidate would be a better Democrat than the national party nominee. To the South the Democratic Party is still the "chosen instrument" of policy. The difficulty lies in getting the national party to go along with Southern ideas—or at least not to get too far away from them. If it does move too far away and they do turn to a third candidate for 1960, most Southerners concerned recognize that their candidate would not get much support outside the states of the old Confederacy. The plan of States Righters is an admittedly regional one, dependent on winning the block support of the South for a third ticket, either a third ticket of specific persons or a third ticket of uncommitted electors, free to swing as Southern interest indicated once 1960's popular votes were counted.

Present feeling among potential third candidate supporters in the South seems to be one of waiting upon the 1960 Democratic convention. If the platform and candidate are tolerable, well and good. If not, the possibilities for a third candidate or a third elector ticket are open.

This wait-and-see attitude emphasizes the essentially Presidential character of these 1960 maneuvers. There is no talk of candidates for Governor, Senator or Congress, much less for local office. In these areas presumably the Democratic primary will offer whatever contest of viewpoint there may be—as in this year's primaries in Alabama, Arkansas, Tennessee and Texas. While this wait-and-see approach presents many organizational problems, it is the only realistic one for States Righters to take. Since the great majority of Southerners do consider themselves Democrats, the need for a bolt from that party's 1960 ticket will have to be demonstrated to them. Basically that demonstration can come only from the national convention itself, and the supporters of third candidates and third tickets must wait upon that demonstration.

Without attempting to predict the work of that convention, what might be the results of a new States Rights bolt if it actually were to develop in the summer of 1960?

For the bolt to become a major operation, all 11 states of the Confederacy would have to line up for the new States Rights ticket.

These 11 states have 128 electoral votes—in a total of 534 now that Alaska has become our 49th state. Under our Constitution a clear majority of these electoral votes —268—must be won before a President is elected. The plan of the States Righters would be to win the 128 votes of the old Confederacy for the third candidate and hope the rest were so split that neither the Republican nor Democratic candidate could win this clear majority.

Some in the South have urged an uncommitted ticket of States Rights electors, so that negotiations with Republican and Democratic nominees could begin as soon as popular votes were counted, even before the electors themselves met. Others favor forcing the election into the House of Representatives, for the Constitution requires election by that body should the Electoral College fail to show a clear majority for any candidate. Once in the House, each state would have a single vote, and the States Righters would hope to use their 11-state votes to make the best deal possible.

Superficially the plan has much to commend it for 1960, but the obstacles to its becoming a major force are tremendous. First, the full strength of the South must be united behind a top flesh-and-blood candidate. No doubt many Southern voters would ballot for a faceless independent elector ticket, especially if they felt the Northern wing of the Democratic Party had run completely wild. But to be effective the candidate would have

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to be well-known, and command the personal respect to campaign as the real spokesman of the South.

Second, the Southern Congressmen elected in 1960 must have the same view of the Presidential contest as do the Southerners in the Electoral College. If the States Rights plan is successful and the election is thrown into the House, the vote there will not be by electors, but by Congressmen—more concerned over the long-range effect of their maneuvers than one-time electors.

Finally, the electoral vote must be abnormally close as between Republican and Democratic candidates. For many years the landslide—at least in electoral votes—has been the *normal* course of an American Presidential election; the tense early morning tally a la 1948 is the rare exception. Usually one candidate or the other has been so far ahead in electoral votes by midnight that the headline—"*X by Landslide*"—is standard for Wednesday morning election extras.

But to make the Southern plan effective the electoral vote count *must* be close. If the Republican or Democratic nominee can win by a landslide, then the Southern veto simply doesn't exist. Just to see what *would have happened if,* glance at the table above. It shows how the electoral votes of the last 10 Presidential contests would have gone if the states of the old Confederacy had all voted for a States Rights candidate—in every election. Admittedly this kind of "metahistory" has pitfalls, but it is interesting to note that only one of the 10 elections would have been thrown into the House. This makes any States-Rights-candidate-for-1960 a very long shot indeed.

Of course, even if the long shot comes home the problem of the South in dealing with the Northern and Western states would still be tremendous. With Negro voters becoming more and more numerous in the North it would be a brave politician indeed who would risk his local position in New York or Detroit or California by getting stamped as a "Southern" supporter. The realities of long-term political survival might well make the Southern negotiating problem far more difficult than most States Righters now believe.

No matter how the Southern gamble resulted, the strength of the so-called "Northern" group in the Democratic Party would be strengthened. The very fact of bolting would tend to convince more Northerners that the South couldn't be trusted to remain loyal and that the long years of partnership were coming to a close. That partnership has rested on a deal whereby Southerners consented to a Northern-oriented Presidential candidate and Northerners acquiesced in Southern domination of Congress as Chairmen of House and Senate committees. If the South abandoned the basis of the alliance, one possible result would be for the Southerners to lose at least some of their chairmanships. Northern Democrats would be loath to continue a one-sided alliance. Particularly when so many of them are already whispering that the party would be better off if the South did leave—that elections are settled anyway in the big Northern states where the Southern vote is a handicap.

Electoral Votes If States Righters Won the South

Year (Elected)	*Republican*	*Democratic*	*States Rights*
1920 (Harding)	392	13	126
*1924 (Coolidge)	382	10	126
1928 (Hoover)	382	23	126
1932 (Roosevelt)	59	348	124
1936 (Roosevelt)	8	399	124
1940 (Roosevelt)	82	325	124
1944 (Roosevelt)	99	305	127
1948 (Truman)	189	215	127
1952 (Eisenhower)	385	18	128
1956 (Eisenhower)	390	13	128

(*) Plus 13 votes for Robert M. LaFollette, Progressive

But the difficulties of getting a States Rights ticket under way in 1960 and the problems—win or lose—such a ticket might pose for the South are only a part of the story. The political professionals in the South know the problem full well. They have almost all spoken out vigorously against a third candidate effort in 1960. But they also know that they face a problem. Unless the race issue dissolves overnight, there are likely to be more and more difficulties between North and South, in the Democratic Party as elsewhere. No Southern politician, no matter how much his judgment may tell him bolting is not the way of wisdom, can stray too far from the opinions of his own constituents.

Moreover, it must be remembered that political expediency in its crassest sense is really a minor factor in many of these problems. Leaders like Humphrey and Talmadge are representing far more than just a hunt for votes when vastly divergent attitudes center on them as spokesmen. Those attitudes are solidly held, and they can rock any party or politician.

So it is that the possibility of a Southern third candidate in 1960 cannot be lightly dismissed. If the national Democratic convention and candidates move sharply away from the middle-of-the-road 1952 and 1956 patterns there might well be an emotional explosion in the South that could build quickly into an all-out States Rights effort within the old Confederacy. But neither should these possibilities be over-estimated. Even if 1960's platform and candidates move a bit further than 1952 or 1956, every avenue of accommodation will be carefully explored. The political professionals in the South know the odds are against them and they are prepared to take a good deal before they cast their states and themselves into a third candidate adventure in 1960.

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Thoughts on Negotiating With the Russians

by MICHAEL LINDSAY

IT MAY BE unrealistic to expect that the Communist powers could explicitly admit that their past record over observing agreements has been bad. In the present international system few governments would be willing to incur the loss of face involved in such an admission. It would, however, be possible for the Communist powers (if they are sincere in wanting negotiations to reduce world tensions) to admit implicitly that there is a lack of trust in the value of promises of future performance and to work for agreements which would go as far as possible in providing guarantees for performance. This would not involve any particular loss of face as the guarantees would apply equally to both sides. In fact, an important obstacle in negotiations has been the unwillingness of the Communist powers to accept agreements containing any effective system of guarantees that they would be observed. The negotiations on disarmament are an obvious illustration. In this bargaining a considerable proportion of Soviet proposals has been for schemes depending entirely on mutual trust whereas the non-Communist powers have repeatedly stressed the importance of guarantees of performance by an adequate inspection system.

For years the Soviet Government persisted in proposals for a general reduction of one-third in the numbers in the armed forces of the major powers without providing any machinery for establishing the actual size of these armed forces, though even from internal evidence it is clear that some of the statements of the Soviet Government about the size of its armed forces must have been untrue. Some years ago the Soviet Government replied to allegations that the Soviet Union was maintaining far larger armed forces than any of the non-Communist powers by claiming that the total number was only 2.5 million. Since then the Soviet authorities have announced two reductions in the size of the armed forces of 650,000 and 1.2 million which, subtracted from 2.5 million, leaves only 650,000. This is not only a very improbably small figure but also inconsistent with other statements by the Soviet authorities about their willingness to consider proposals under which the armed forces of both the Soviet Union and the United States would be limited to 1.5 million men.

During the last few years the Soviet Government has moved some way toward accepting the need for an inspection system to obtain the observance of any agreement on disarmament or the limitation of atomic tests. But a large part of the gap between Communist and non-Communist proposals is still that Communist proposals imply a considerable reliance on mutual trust while non-Communist proposals emphasize machinery for inspection and procedures to deal with possible breaches of agreement. There is, of course, a real problem that effective inspection measures would weaken the relative position of the Communist powers by destroying the advantage they enjoy at present from the greater degree of secrecy with which they operate. But this should not be a very serious obstacle to agreement if it were introduced explicitly as a factor in the bargaining. What is likely to make agreement impossible is a refusal to admit that any acceptable scheme must go as far as possible in providing for an effective machinery for inspection and an effective procedure for dealing with breaches of the agreement.

There seem to be still greater difficulties in the way of negotiations which are not simply bargaining but which are an attempt to reach agreement about the best way to attain some common objective. If such negotiations are to succeed, there must be some measure of agreement about the objectives to be attained and about the standards by which various possible means of attaining these objectives should be judged. These conditions may be satisfied when the common objective is basically technical, such as cooperation in research for the International Geophysical Year. It is doubtful whether they exist over political questions.

It is true that some negotiations in recent years have done something to settle political questions. The Berlin blockade was finally lifted, an armistice was finally reached in Korea, and the Geneva Conference produced some sort of settlement in Indo-China. However, all these agreements were bargains involving simultaneous or nearly simultaneous performance. *Both sides wanted to withdraw from an uncomfortable or dangerous position but to do so in a way which did not give too much advantage to the other side.* The negotiations were successful insofar as they struck a bargain about conditions for mutual withdrawal. Insofar as they tried to reach

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agreement about how to settle the underlying issues they were a complete failure.

Communists often cite the period of inter-allied conferences from 1941 to 1945 as evidence that Communist and non-Communist powers can reach agreements for cooperation. However, subsequent developments seem to show that a large part of the agreement which seemed to have been reached at these conferences was simply misunderstanding. As soon as questions of implementation arose it became clear that the meaning attached to the agreements by the Communist powers was quite different from the meaning attached to them by the non-Communist powers.

II

The main uncertainty about the possibility of finding common objectives comes from Communist statements which seem to imply that Communists give an absolute priority to the objective of socialism, and define socialism in terms of Communist power. For example, an article on "Independent Thinking" in the Chinese periodical *Hsueh Hsi* of October 3, 1957, said, "We should say that like democracy, independent thinking is a means and the building of socialism is an end." An article on "Party Leadership in Journalism" in the Peking *Jen Min Jih Pao* of January 4, 1958, began by saying, "Socialism can be built only under the leadership of the Party. There will be no socialism without Party leadership."

The statement that democracy is only a means toward the building of socialism seems to show that the Communist objective is not limited by whether or not people want it. A great many non-Communists would say that the people of any country have the right to try any social system they like, if democratic procedures show that they really want to try it. They would also say that the people of any country have the right to resist any attempt to impose the Communist form of socialism if they do not like it.

So long as Communists give an absolute priority to the building of socialism, as they define it, any other objective they accept must always be limited by the implicit qualification "insofar as this can be realized without hindrance to the building of socialism," and this qualification must raise doubts about how far the Communists really accept the other objective.

On a common sense view, an obvious common objective for Communists and non-Communists is the maintenance of peace, but Communist statements never face the contingency that there may be a conflict between the maintenance of peace and the building of socialism. *How far would Communists be prepared to cooperate with non-Communists in the maintenance of peace if this cooperation involved some restriction on the expansion or consolidation of the Communist form of socialism?* Until Communists have committed themselves on this

LORD LINDSAY of Birker considers the dilemmas in any search for accommodation with the Communist world against the background of a remarkable personal and scholarly effort to keep open the lines of communication with the China he has known since youthful teaching days at Yenching University. As a radio instructor for Mao's Red Army during four years (1941-45) of Sino-Japanese hostilities, Lindsay became a friend of the Chinese Communist cause. By 1954, however, following a visit to Communist China as interpreter for the Attlee delegation, he was emphasizing in his book *China and the Cold War* the growing militarization of Chinese Communism. His book was proscribed both on the mainland—as Western-inspired—and on Formosa by the Nationalists as an apologia for Peking.

WHEN, in August, 1956, "there seemed to be a new readiness to have contacts with the non-Communist world," Lindsay decided to make a systematic effort to enter into "serious discussion at the academic level of the mutual suspicions between the Communist and non-Communist powers . . . providing a theoretical foundation for peaceful co-existence." He wrote to Chinese friends in high places—and later to Soviet officials as well—proposing an exchange of correspondence on critiques of policy prepared in sequence by each side. But in offering a draft of the non-Communist case for suspicion of the Communist powers, Lindsay now believes, he "raised questions the Communists found so embarrassing they were not prepared to attempt to answer them." The response to Lindsay's letters by Vice President Ch'en Han-Seng of the Chinese People's Institute of International Affairs, who had been designated as the cooperating Chinese official to explore the project, was either no response or elaborate stalling. When Lindsay and his Chinese wife were about to enter Communist China in February to pursue his quest in person, their entry permits were cancelled at the last moment on the border.

THE THOUGHTS here are an elaboration of part of the non-Communist case submitted to the Peking regime and are taken from his forthcoming book, *Is Peaceful Co-existence Possible?* In a second article to follow Lindsay will outline a strategy for non-Communists in negotiating with the Russians.

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question, which their statements so far have always evaded, the extent of possible cooperation must remain doubtful.

III

More serious doubts about the possibility of negotiations producing cooperation arise from the difference between Communist and non-Communist standards of judgment. One fundamental question which defenders of the Communist position need to answer is this: *How can Communists and non-Communists agree if all thinking has a class character?* Assertions that all thinking has a class character are very frequent in Communist publications of the more theoretical kind. It is argued that the class standpoint of an observer is a fundamental factor in determining his judgment about any situation (or at least about any situation with a political content), that it is impossible for anyone to form an objective judgment which abstracts from his class standpoint. Communists would also claim that the Communist and non-Communist representatives in negotiations will normally have different class standpoints. If these premises are granted how can Communist and non-Communist representatives possibly agree about anything?

The problem is raised in a slightly different form by Communist statements which claim that "truth is that which serves the interests of the masses." This definition is never combined with an attempt to answer the question. By what standards can it be determined what is or is not in the interests of the masses? On the contrary it is usually clear from the context that it is combined with the claim that the Communist Party represents the interests of the masses, which makes this definition of truth equivalent to saying that truth is what is asserted by the Communist Party. It would follow from this that the only cases in which negotiation can produce agreement between Communists and non-Communists is one in which the non-Communists end by accepting the Communist position.

If differing views are entirely determined by some factor, such as class standpoint, which is not changeable by discussion, then it is futile to hope that a process of discussion can do anything to produce agreement. Insofar as one party to a dispute consistently maintains a position which implies that their judgment of the dispute cannot be changed by a rational argument or the production of evidence, the dispute becomes one of which no agreed solution is possible. The most that can be hoped for under these conditions is some limited bargain on particular points whose terms will depend on the balance of bargaining strength.

IV

All this may seem rather abstract and philosophical but it has very important practical implications. One good illustration was the negotiations for an armistice in Korea which were protracted for two years by the dispute over the repatriation of prisoners of war. The dispute involved a fairly simple and definite question of fact, whether or not certain prisoners wanted to be repatriated. And this question was unusual among political questions because it could be settled with a high degree of certainty by an experimental procedure, by allowing the prisoners to express their wishes under conditions which guaranteed that their choice was made with freedom from pressure on the basis of adequate information. There was room for argument about the exact form of experimental procedure which could best provide these conditions but discussion on this point played a very small part in delaying agreement.

For a long time the Communists asserted that all expressions of desire to refuse repatriation were made under duress but refused to allow the truth or falsity of this assertion to be tested by any sort of experimental procedure. Admittedly, the Communists finally accepted the experimental procedure of the Indian proposals but even then they did their best to make it unworkable by taking advantage of the failure to specify any time limit on the period allowed for explanation before prisoners made their choice.

The Communist attitude on this question seemed to show that they were acting consistently in terms of the principle that truth is what is asserted by the Communist Party and refused to allow this definition of truth to be tested by any scientific objective standards. By contrast the attitude of the United Nations side was based on scientific principles. The assertion that many prisoners wished to refuse repatriation was presented as a reasonable deduction from the evidence already available and not as an unchallengeable certainty. It was accompanied by the offer to allow the issue of fact to be tested by any scientific experimental procedure which could provide really clear evidence, which implied a willingness to modify the original view of the United Nations side if new evidence showed it to be incorrect.

The Communist position on Hungary seems to be another clear illustration. This was summarized in a form short enough to be quoted here in an article by Chen Chih in *Hsueh Hsi* of November 3, 1957, entitled "The Attitude Toward the Soviet Union Is the Attitude Toward Revolution":

> The so-called "interference with internal affairs" [by the Soviet Union in Hungary] referred to by the rightists is a thorough bourgeois lie. Under this statement they are selling the bourgeois reactionary, hypocritical conception of nationalism. When the insurrection created by the imperialists and bourgeois counter-revolutionaries reached the stage at which it threatened the socialist cause of Hungary, threatened the basic interests of the working people of Hungary, and when the Hungarian Workers' and Peasants' Revolutionary Government officially applied to the Soviet Union for

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armed assistance, the only correct stand that the Soviet proletariat could adopt was resolutely to support and help the Hungarian working people to repulse the attack of the counter-revolution, to preserve the fruits of the revolution of the Hungarian working class, so that the independence and sovereignty of the socialist state of Hungary would escape the oppression of the imperialists. The Soviet Union acted accordingly, and this once more proves the powerful united strength of the international socialist camp headed by the Soviet Union, and inflicted on the imperialists a deserved lesson.

The obvious criticism of this statement is that its main assertions of fact are directly contrary to the weight of the evidence. The very great majority of observers on the spot (including the correspondent of the *London Daily Worker*) agreed in reporting that the insurrection had general support from the "Hungarian working people" and that it was the working-class districts of Budapest which were most determined in resistance to the Soviet forces; that the part played in the insurrection by supporters of the pre-Communist regime or people with foreign connections was very small; and that the proclaimed aims of the insurrection were not opposed to socialism but only to the Communist form of socialism. It is also clear that the request for Soviet armed intervention was not an "official" request from the legitimate Hungarian Government of Prime Minister Nagy but came from a rival regime set up by Janos Kadar who was only one of the ministers in the official government. (It is interesting that the accounts given in the Peking press during the first days of the insurrection were markedly different from the version summarized in this later statement and that a sudden change in the line taken by the Chinese press occurred immediately after a visit of the Soviet Ambassador to Chou En-lai.)

It is also clear that the Communists are not prepared to allow their factual assertions to be subject to any sort of test. The communique issued by Khrushchev and Kadar on April 9, 1958, declared that a discussion of the affairs of Communist-ruled countries at an international conference would be "incompatible with the principles of the United Nations charter and a flagrant interference in the internal affairs of sovereign states." And that, "The USSR and Hungary resolutely state that the question of the state structure of the people's democracies as of any other sovereign state cannot be a subject for discussion at an international conference since it has long been decided upon by the people of these countries who have firmly and finally taken the road of building socialism."

But there is considerable evidence that the regimes of many Communist-ruled states were not "decided upon by the peoples of these countries" but were imposed by Soviet military intervention; and that they operate under a degree of Soviet control which makes their independent sovereignty largely formal. Thus the Khrushchev-Kadar Communique is, in effect, a demand that any top-level negotiations should accept without question the Communist version of the facts on one of the most important issues causing international tensions in which *it is precisely the facts which are a matter of dispute.*

The position taken in this Khrushchev-Kadar communique is, therefore, a clear practical illustration of the theoretical point made earlier, that the Communist theories about the nature of truth lead Communists to take positions which make it impossible for any negotiations to reach agreement except through non-Communists accepting the Communist view.

V

Is there then nothing to be gained by negotiating with the Russians? On the contrary. Although it is true that Communists have often been able to derive a propaganda advantage from contacts with non-Communists, this has been the result of non-Communist ineptitude rather than of any special cogency in the Communist case or exceptional Communist ability in debate. In official contacts there has often been no attempt at competition. In many cases the Communist representatives have clearly planned their strategy in terms of producing an effect on public opinion. The non-Communist representatives may have been well prepared for the traditional type of diplomatic negotiations but it has seemed that their whole tradition and training had made them reluctant to think in terms of an appeal to public opinion. They have obviously felt a strong sense of grievance that the Communists were not "playing the game" in terms of the conventions of traditional diplomacy, but they have not been willing to react by competing in a different type of game. The whole set of concepts and strategies which might be summed up as psychological warfare has been despised as somewhat disreputable, the sort of activity which a respectable diplomatist should avoid as far as possible. Under these conditions it is not surprising that the Communists should often have been able to score successes in propaganda. The contest has been one in which whole-hearted professionals have been opposed by half-hearted amateurs. Communist success might have been much greater if the general common sense of the masses had not limited the extent to which efforts in propaganda could win support for a rationally weak case. Here again the remedy for the situation is not to cut off contacts but to use them more effectively.

The non-Communist powers would have nothing to fear from contacts with the Communist powers, either official or unofficial, if they were prepared to devote to psychological warfare a small fraction of the mental and economic resources they have been ready to expand on military preparations.

On the Communist side one can find numerous official statements with claims of willingness to cooperate

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in discussion and negotiation, but there is a wide discrepancy between these claims and the actual record of Communist behavior. A hypothesis which would explain the record of actual behavior is that the Communists try to manipulate the actual situation to fit in with their theoretical model of the world. According to orthodox Communist theory the masses in all countries should be naturally sympathetic to Communist views and desirous of cooperating for peace on Communist terms though they may have been confused by anti-Communist propaganda. On the other hand, the ruling classes in non-Communist countries have a class standpoint which makes them inherently aggressive and opposed to peaceful cooperation, though they may be forced to act against their natural inclinations by mass pressure. In terms of this Marxist-Leninist model of the world, Communist behavior is fairly consistent. Official representatives of capitalist governments cannot be sincerely in favor of cooperation to obtain peaceful coexistence; if they profess themselves in favor of cooperation for peace, this is simply to appease pressure from the masses in their own countries.

Given this assumption it is quite reasonable to conduct official negotiations with a great emphasis on publicity. *Ex hypothesi,* the representatives of capitalist powers do not really want peace and the more their insincerity can be exposed the greater the chance that the peace-loving masses will finally come to realize that peace can only be secure when they have replaced their inherently aggressive capitalist regime by an inherently peaceful socialist one. This long-term consideration is reinforced by the short-term one that the representatives of capitalist powers will only make agreements favorable to peace under mass pressure so that publicity designed to maintain mass pressure will increase the chance of negotiations reaching an agreement.

At the unofficial level the type of discussion which would be useful for peace would be with people representative of informed non-Communist opinion and able to make a clear statement of the non-Communist case. In fact, this is just the type of discussion which Communists tend to avoid. There is a very marked preference for confining discussion of international issues to people from non-Communist countries who are already sympathetic to Communism or who know comparatively little about the subject. A good illustration of this was provided by two episodes in China. At the time of the Peking Peace Conference in 1952 members of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party were prepared to spend whole nights in discussion with delegates from non-Communist countries who were people of very little influence, but who were either sympathetic to Communism or lacking in any expert knowledge of international affairs. The visit of the British Labour Party delegation to China in 1954 offered the Chinese Communist leaders their first opportunity for unofficial discussions with representatives of one of the leading political parties in an important non-Communist country, some of whom had been members of the government and were likely to be so again in the future. But during the visit of 17 days only two meetings were devoted to the discussion of international issues, and there seemed to be no interest from the Chinese side in continuing discussion although several important and interesting questions had been raised. Other instances fit into the same general pattern.

My own experience has been that the normal Communist response to serious questions is evasion. In 1955, I wrote to the World Council of Peace asking them to explain why they refused to comment on East German rearmament while denunciations of West German rearmament played a large part in their publicity. This produced a very evasive and disingenuous reply, and when I wrote again indicating the point at which their explanation was obviously unsatisfactory I received no further answer.

When in China in 1954, I complained to the New China News Agency about their very misleading reports of Australian opinion. After a delay of two weeks a letter in reply was given me on the day I left China, but the reply showed a complete misunderstanding of my criticism. (It argued that the particular facts reported were correct whereas my criticism was that these particular facts were an extremely biased sample.) When I wrote again putting my criticism more clearly my letters remained unanswered.

On the same visit to China, I showed the manuscript of my book *China and the Cold War* to several people in the Chinese Communist Party and invited comments and criticism, and I suggested that if someone in the Chinese Communist organization would write a review, I would include it as a final section in the book. In fact no one was willing to discuss the manuscript either in conversation or in writing.

An earlier correspondence was started by a Communist sympathizer in China, Rowi Alley, but he also refused to continue the correspondence after I had stated the non-Communist case over the Korean War and other issues.

Other people's experiences point to the same conclusion. Some good illustrations have been provided by the cases in which people willing and able to state the non-Communist case have attended Communist-sponsored conferences. There has very seldom been a reasoned statement of the non-Communist case followed by a reasoned Communist reply. On the contrary the normal procedure of the Communist organizers of such conferences has been to find ways of preventing discussion, by putting a non-Communist speaker as the last item on the agenda or by using various strategems to prevent non-Communist delegates from expressing their views at all.

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PORTRAITS OF OUR CITIES—V

Anchorage

by PATRICK O'DONOVAN

IT LOOKS LIKE the Northern rim of the world, when the last of the land, uninhabitable and useless, heaps up in one last rampart against the sea and the things beyond the mist. The plane heaves itself over a landscape crowded with mountains from horizon to horizon. Coal black and streaked with snow, their tips are arrow sharp and their edges like misused knife blades.

The valleys are narrow and choked with ice. Occasionally there is a trapped lake rimmed with trees and dotted with ice. Sometimes, pouring motionless between mountains, there is a frozen cataract of ice, a glacier wrinkled with age and pressure, coming from nowhere and going nowhere. And nearer to the sea, there are long grey fjords picking their way between the mountains that start up direct from the water. It is as harsh as any desert, a ferocious lunar landscape, black and white, heaved up, tumultuous, motionless and dead.

And then quite suddenly, without foothills, the mountains cease and there is a city among trees standing on a ledge, 75 miles square, that is thrust out into the water. The ledge looks almost artificial, a reclamation scheme. It is a freak of the debris of the mountains. The city has a perfunctory Middle Western air, a hint of skyscrapers at the center, a suggestion of churches, and a rigid pattern of squared blocks that peter out into suburbs and unused land.

This is Anchorage, the largest city in Alaska, with a population of about 100,000. It began in 1914 as a railway construction camp. It survived because the railway that runs from the lonely port of Seward, up through the mountains and onto the tundra for Fairbanks, set up its repair shops here. It grew with the building of an airport that has become a cross roads in the planning of international flights. It was laid out by agents of the federal government. It sits on the brink of a future that depends, not so much on brave young pioneers with their bare hands and their picks and ploughs and axes as on great corporations who will blast out new communications, exploit inconveniently placed but limitless minerals, build a deep-water port and harness rivers for power.

The citizens of Anchorage, like other Alaskans in their rare fanciful moments, like to describe their land as the Last Frontier. It is a pleasant idea but a purely romantic one. It is not the last frontier; it is the new sort of frontier and there are several of them in the world. Siberia, for example, the interior of Australia, Central Africa. They are not waiting for the courage of men with a future to make out of nothing but their manhood. That indeed has been tried and has made only a small impression on these places. What is needed is the financial initiative, the splendid and reliable checks of large corporations and governments, the skill of the graduates of mining schools and men who can build roads.

Their work must be half complete before this country can fill the gaps with a large population. In the meantime there are high wages for workmen, especially if they are skilled and can endure monastic discomforts in the wilderness; there are steady jobs for company servants and representatives; there are the usual service jobs and a deal of small private enterprises. But only for the very few and the very fortunate are there the rewards of a frontier—a cattle barony, a mining kingdom.

There is unemployment. There are signs of poverty. You can still obtain a small holding of 160 acres for next to nothing, and providing you set a dwelling on it, it is yours. But it may take you three generations of peasant labor to clean and create a prosperous farm out of your section of the North and you would be wise to start your holding with a capital of, say, $25,000.

☆

These factors are visible in the city of Anchorage. It is not a rip-roaring, boom town. Its pace is curiously leisurely, that of an English market town on any day except market day and Sunday. The traffic is sedate and sparse and drivers complain only mildly if their steady progress is checked by a bunch of three ahead or a laden station wagon turning in their path.

It is clearly a town caught in a moment of transition. There is no frenzy of building activity, though that clearly will soon start. For miles it is a system of lots in which a small wooden house sits, surrounded by shabby trees, by wasteland, or (in the spring at least) by an explosion of tender flowers. On the outskirts the houses are often little better than shacks, garishly and carelessly painted, with a do-it-yourself air and no sort of care or elegance or pride. Closer in and right into the city, the houses still stand alone, each with its garden, each with its cylinders of cooking gas under the eaves, not bothering to be Cape Cod or Colonial, but merely small, wooden, minimum-expense houses, crammed with nicknacks, dominated by television sets and china cabinets and bright pictures of sunlit landscapes—fierce and eloquent assertions of coziness, warm as toast and classless as all get out.

Only at the center does the city coalesce into seven or

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eight "city blocks" where the shops stand shoulder to shoulder and each building is at least two stories high. This is the pleasant center, designed not so much for the quiet townsfolk as for the workers who come in from the mountains and the tundra, at the most, once in six weeks.

It is true that there is one place with swinging doors where you can buy beer by the jug. But the frontier atmosphere is contrived, and it has a back room full of teen-agers who worship a juke box there. The bars tend to be of the sort that were designed for the rich and the spoiled in Europe. They are richly dark. The *banquettes* are of red velvet. The chandeliers are crystal. There is an atmosphere of wealth and calculated luxury.

They are not clip joints; they fulfill some obvious need in high salaried, unmarried workers who desire a violent and brief change. The men drinking are men who will probably not buy homes or marry here. The company tends to be male. Men in clothes which shout that they are their best clothes. Youths in jeans and heavy working boots who yet wear black silk shirts with silver *lamé* inserts. Men with cheeks which have been scabbed by the wind and the cold making a fuss about the lemon peel in their martini. Men growing tipsy, sometimes, but without the second-hand Irish melancholy of New York. Perhaps, too, an almost continual consciousness and elation in being in Alaska, in taking part in some monumental lark.

The center is a small, exaggerated city. There are no buildings with architectural pretensions, not a pillar, not a cornice in the place. Not a single lapidary cliché carved into marble or its substitutes.

There are shops, but of a different sort. There are trinket shops where you can buy debased Eskimo handicrafts, dreadful little things carved out of Walrus ivory. There are fragments of dull jade and soapstone and ashtrays that depict igloos and seal hunts.

There are sports shops with windows heaped up with rods, guns, tents, and sensible clothing. There are rather more than any city's share of army surplus stores. There is a charming little shop run by a kindly white-haired gentleman which sells, mostly, pistols. He also sells knives of every sort from delicate penknives to great Bowie knives that ought to have names of their own like American swords. He also lends money on watches. He also sells slender stillettoes and, for the life of me, I can only think of one practical use for them.

For the real point of Anchorage is not the place itself or its physical appearance, but its surrounding splendors. There is the rim of mountains at the back, there in front is the arm of the inlet which Captain Cook first discovered. The scale is enormous. At one end of the chief street—4th Avenue—your view is shut by mountains and at the other it bends in the grey sea. The beaches are grey too and leave your hand dirty. They are littered with splintered silver drift wood. The water is empty of ships, and when the tide sinks some 30 feet it exposes shining wet mud banks for the sea birds.

But above all it is the suggestion of size—the comfortable, unpretentious city under the mountains and beyond the mountains the tundra, and beyond that more mountains and beyond that the arctic slopes, and all on a continental scale.

There is juvenile delinquency; there is drunkenness; there is loneliness and destructive disappointment. But above it all is an excitement that does not come from greed. The mountains from the ground are a little gentler. The valleys are green just now and loud with streams. The wilderness which is by tradition the source of the American virtue is less than an hour's drive away. There are animals to watch or to kill that are as exciting as major works of art. People here do not really expect to grow rich overnight; they do expect a full life in the process of staying alive. Anchorage is a curiously satisfying place.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Passion—Moral and Otherwise

by T. J. Ross

I HAD BEEN waiting for some reply to Dean Fitch's loaded remarks about Mary McCarthy [*NR*, May 5] from someone with more *cachet* in the world of periodicals than I. Since no other voice has been raised, however, may I offer a few points concerning the article and the party line which, it seems to me, it represents.

Miss McCarthy, he tells us, "has no point of view at all"; furthermore, she devotes herself to wrecking all other points of view by pinpointing surface blemishes; her attitude, the Dean insists, is denigrating of all values and finally self-hating, though she gains a false sense of superiority through snickering at all possible ideals, including those of her own "team"—what Fitch refers to as "the Liberal Left."

But there is a powerful interest which runs through all of Miss McCarthy's work, from the early portrait of a Yale pseudo-intellectual through studies of her "middle period" (like that of the anti-Semitic military man in "Settling the Colonel's Hash") to such studies of communities of intellectuals as *The Oasis* of her early period to the *A Charmed Life* of her more recent achievement. That central interest asserts itself with particular and, I should have thought, obvious force, in her latest book, *Memoirs of a Catholic Girlhood*. That interest might be defined as anti-totalitarian. Behind the clean-cut stupid, maleficent face of Uncle Myer hovers the equally clean-cut stupid, maleficent face of Himmler. Miss McCarthy is a writer with enough perception, responsibility and grit to see that conjunction and with enough talent to express—or expose—it, in imaginative terms. Her "cold eye" is clear-sighted enough to spot "epiphanies" of the totalitarian ethos, if you will, on the home front. To put this more "positively," hers is a spirit oriented to, and committed to, the democratic ideal.

When Miss McCarthy rakes over an aspect of the experience of being psychiatrized, it's not that she's attacking the ideals of psychoanalysis or all people with an interest in that discipline; rather, she's attacking an abuse which comes from the debasing of an ideal or experience to the level of suburbanized gamesmanship; when the psychiatrist functions mainly as a show-off of social muscle and know-how, when his work falls in line with the aims of brain-or-personality washing, then Miss McCarthy gives him the works. Her psychiatrist is her Yale pseudo-intellectual updated. Miss McCarthy has the born novelist's eye (cold or warm) for catching social types peculiar to her own time. Usually she deals, as did Jane Austen, with those who set the fashions of style, opinion, and desires, and those who are most immediately susceptible to such influence. And she is powerfully aware of how often the most educated tend to be the most brainwashed. It is in such terms that she explores vulgarities of mind and spirit among her gallery of aesthetes and admen, symbol-happy academicians, and hapless coeds notebooking the Five Characteristics of Romantic Love.

INDEED, the writer whom Dean Fitch holds up to Miss McCarthy as a satirist with the proper amount of "moral passion" — Aldous Huxley — is, at his most interesting, preoccupied with exactly the same questions as Miss McCarthy. From his *Point Counter Point* of 1928, through works like *Brave New World*, and *Ape and Essence* to his recent TV appearances and editorials in a Long Island newspaper, Huxley has been presenting a lucid commentary on the seeds and fruits of totalitarianism, Western model.

Huxley has "moral passions," and is a good boy, while Miss McCarthy lacks any sort of moral stance and is therefore a bad girl. But what the Dean means by "moral passion" in Huxley's case as in Swift's, with whom daringly he equates Huxley, is really sexual nausea. Generally, when the Dean unwinds a term like "moral passion" what he's really talking about turns out to be sexual attitudes.

Yet sex is the subject about which Huxley is least interesting. On this score his work dates badly, reflecting whole-hog the fashionable attitude of the thirties and forties, an attitude based primarily on a post-adolescent recoil from sexuality. The reaction against the sexual was based not so much an exhaustive research as on a passing mood: the disenchanted and "exhausted" mood of the between-wars generation. But such a response to sex is too simplified to be interesting just as Swift's views on the subject are obviously too queer to be taken at any but a clinical level (for all the moral passion or savage indignation —or whatever you want to call it—with which that great stylist infused his tirades: "savage," in fact, might be just the right word).

NOW Miss McCarthy's attitude to sex, like her attitude to democracy, is neither simplified nor peculiar. She never covers up a snickersee recoil from sexuality with a veneer of natty high-mindedness based on social status in the manner popularized by T. S. Eliot. The import of the contrast I am suggesting may be reinforced by reference to another poet whose name the Dean uses as a weapon against Miss McCarthy. Byron, the Dean tells us owlishly, was "a symbol for her own life." As a matter of fact, what Miss McCarthy said of Byron in the note about herself which she appended to *The Company She Keeps* was that he was her "favorite literary character." She goes on to remark that her favorite *writer* is Shakespeare. Why, then, does Byron pop into the Dean's remarks as a Symbol? Because the Dean wishes to depend on an absolutely academic counter: that is, he anticipates a standard response which mention of the name—Byron—must evoke in any academicised mentality. What's perhaps most appalling about this ploy is the Dean's assumption that readers of *The New Republic* are all so conditioned as to know the proper way to hop when the academic signal is sounded. I am going to explain the Dean's use of "Byron" on my own assumption that there exists a large enough random element among

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NR readers who require translation from academic doubletalk into honest English.

It works this way: when one hears Byron mentioned in any academic warren, the proper thing for one to do is to roll one's eyes to heaven, fold one's hands across one's chest, and chant: Lack-of-Maturity! If one wants to pepper one's piety with a daring smotch of intellectuality one jollily cites Eliot's quip that Byron was "disreputable." "Maturity" is a key academic grading term which one awards to writers one likes (which depends every time on whether an author's religious line happens to cotton to one's own). And if one should try to defend Byron as Mature or if, like Miss McCarthy, one suggests a personal *liking* for that great poet—then one runs the grave risk of being tagged oneself as Immature.

Academic disgruntlement with Byron centers almost solely on the fact that he seems to have enjoyed, comparatively, a fairly vigorous sexual life. And on questions of sex most pious academics allow envy, spitefulness (or sheer emptiness) to become noble virtues. For example: Carlyle, who was, after all, a bit of a ranting eunuch, rates among American Academics as a Nice Person, who merits high grades for Maturity. Yet it's Byron, we note, who died, *in action*, for a democratic idea, while the mature Carlyle lived to write that classic homey totalitarian diatribe, *Shooting Niagara*. So, too, nowadays when we have a writer like Miss McCarthy capable of facing up fully to the milieu of mass man or ad man without turning into a drooping damsel pining fitfully for those glorious Middle Ages when you could put such Awful People on the rack and be done with it, our academic overlords, with breathtaking consistency, come surging forth to downgrade the lady on her Maturity-and-Nice-Feelings card!

As we have compared Byron and Carlyle, we can do the same with T. S. Eliot and Miss McCarthy. In Eliot we have a writer whose sensibilities were rubbed so raw by some conflict he got stuck in between the aesthetics of Harvard and the Old Howard, that he had to retire to a Chelsea flat to compose himself and find the proper Form in which to organize his guttersnipe prejudices. Yet in most American academies Eliot is held up as a model of Maturity, Refinement and—of all things—Rootedness! I have admired Eliot's work since I was a growing boy—but I can only deplore how the best of our undergraduate talent is being brainwashed with Eliotism.

I wonder too at the dearth of interesting American criticism about Eliot from any non-academic point of view, including that of "moral passion." I don't recall men in important lay or clerical positions, men of the sort now complaining about "sex" or "slush" in modern fiction, ever casting a cold (or hot) eye at the brute propagandizing for genocide in the writings of this poet and his sensitive Anglican friends. To my mind, what is most irremediably harrowing about the between-wars period is the vast, vast silence which greeted the racist abominations in both the fiction and reality of that period. Who then saw fit to grade Eliot and his mob on their Maturity-and-Nice-Feelings report card? I well realize it's not good form nowadays to point to these sore spots. The accepted form is to walk soft, hold one's nose, and look Friendly. Yet how can anyone with the least modicum of ordinary good nature in his make up help noting the profound contrast between the wretched indifference (*at best!*) of intellectuals between 1920 and 1950 to the most vicious events of their age, including mass murder.

When Dean Fitch sneers at Miss

Cairo

The heated chargers of evening come rolling in on the crescented city.
The fat wives of the new millionaires bend over the showcases of Farouk's jewels
And mark their auction catalogues with little gold pencils.
At the open casements of the Union Restaurant a tarbooshed fiddler
Sadly strums his hope of five piasters for supper.
The patriotic Lumpen-proletariat lies sprawling on the greensward of Liberation Square.
The dragoman of the Semiramis ushers lady Americans into gyp-shops—
And Nasser's lieutenants, with the collars of their uniforms sincerely open,
Dream of filling the sub-roles still searching for the sub-heroes.

Be still, my soul. The sand has buried other empires
And will gently sift over these panting commissars of Allah.
The fellaheen alone will inherit, as in the past,
Tears and toil and the eternal recurrence.

The American Ambassador sits in his air-cooled office
And quotes from Thomas Jefferson with amiable inaccuracy.
The Public Affairs Officer mimeographs endless messages to and from State Department Garcias.
The enclave wives discuss their servants and refrigerators, and sip Martinis at the Sport Club
While they recall the days of their flowering as Kappas at Stanford
And the dark stranger who might have made the earth move.

Nefertiti has become a name for a necklace,
And the sap that ended a Queen's agony
(I am dying, Egypt, dying)
Will be shown at a Soviet Reception next Thursday
Where the Cultural Delegations will exchange civilities
And the report of a new Perfumed Ship will be ready by the Secretary for Antiquities.

Be still, my soul. The same sand will bury
Moscow and Washington along with Cairo,
And gently sift to the reaches of the moon satellites.
The fellaheen will inherit
Smoke and ash and the eternal recurrence.

MAX LERNER

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McCarthy's "cold intellectuality," what models would he offer as exemplars of the warm sort? Pound? Eliot? Marianne Moore? Joyce? Lawrence? These are among our eminent moderns, and I'm an old hand at defending their jagged sides against eager onslaughts by students; but I accept a certain brute mode in their work as integral to the ambience of modern literature as much as I accept a queer coyness about sex as an integral aspect of Victorian writing. We must expect that the *unique* brutality of our age will rub off in some ways on those who comment on it. Far less of that brutality has rubbed off on Miss McCarthy than on most of her predecessors or peers.

Indeed, her achievement shines like a beacon through the hideous murk of contemporary American letters. Unlike lucky England, we have seen no new writers emerge in this decade of the intrinsic interest, decency, and power of a John Osborne or Kingsley Amis. We remain too numb, and dumb, to have become as yet, angry. Unlike the lucky Jims and Joes of the English scene, we don't really know much about what's going on. We have heard the distant sounds of cannon, but haven't yet figured where the battle is, or what the sides, quite, are. We don't know the score. Miss McCarthy is one of the few people around who can give us a few tips. And she has been recognized as such by the new writers of England. Amis who, like most good novelists, is an admirable critic with a near flawless "Taste," has referred to Miss McCarthy as one of the few living American novelists whose work he finds meaningful and enjoyable. She needs, as it were, no translation, and so represents one of the few cultural figures we have to whom English intellectuals wish to pay serious attention.

But Dean Fitch, as I've remarked, tries to score off his subject by yanking in the moral passions of a Swift or a "disreputable" Symbol like Byron. In similar free-wheeling fashion he resorts to the sort of journalese one would expect in a Luce magazine rather than in *NR*. So he writes: "Miss McCarthy presumably runs with the liberal Left." That "presumably" is what does it, for it's a gimmick which insinuates guilt of a mysterious (if non-definable) sort like the Byron-as-bad-Symbol ploy. What if Miss McCarthy had hunted with the Fascist Right? Or merely toddled with the Right-of-Center? Or just dawdled smack in the deep Center? How then, one wonders, would the Dean presume?

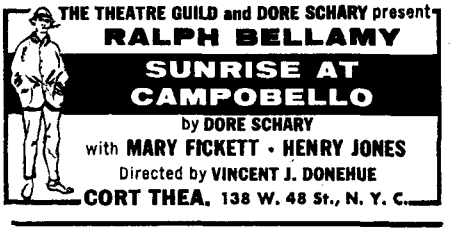
In the same crotchety way, the Dean refers to Freud and Marx as "the two great idols of our day" without telling us why they shouldn't be. More disconcerting is his use of the term "egghead" in an automatically pejorative and contemptuous sense. It is interesting to contrast the way the Dean lays about him on this score to the way Miss McCarthy herself treats of intellectuals in one of her seemingly "coldest" stories, *The Oasis*. In intention, the story is a satire of a type of intellectual fantasy concerning the establishment of a Good Place where people of Good Heart, may lead the Good Life. Yet the "satire" contains one of the friendliest and most sympathetic portrayals of intellectual people that I know of; in fact, as a story *The Oasis* is not a success because of the imbalance between the affectionate and winning presentation of the characters and the presentation of the satirized situation in which they're involved. Lack of hard-boiledness, in this case, leads to an abstractness which spoils Miss McCarthy's artistic effects!

In her criticism, of which her review in *The New Republic* of the musical *Candide* is a fine example, Miss McCarthy's intention is not merely to do a "hatchet job" (thought, as any forest ranger knows, adequate hatchet wielders are not easy to come by); rather, her criticism marks a significant exploration of the techniques and tomfooleries of the mass media. Her skill has been to note the psychological or sociological pressures and platitudes which lead to rottenness in the art of a play or book. When an art tends to droop sickly (like that of the Broadway Theatre), surgical analyses are helpful in showing if there's anything which can be conserved. Like all the best criticism, or medicine, Miss McCarthy's is life-enhancing. Her complaint of the Broadway *Candide* is that it is false to life, in a way that art, whatever its Form, cannot be. It is, she writes, "more like a high school pageant than a social satire. . . . This is an uplift *Candide* with a ringing message at the end." Another false note in the show is its absolute departure from the way sex is treated in the original. Miss McCarthy, as was her responsibility, shows precisely how Broadway "commercialized" (that is, suburbanized) this subject. It is not that she is here "equating sex with science," as Dean Fitch complains; she is simply describing what is *there*, in the original. And she interestingly and validly notes how the hero's sexual *manners*, so to say, not only affect his survival but also make him more interesting as a human being.

In his concluding remarks, Dean Fitch sounds his rawest note; he advises Miss McCarthy that since she seems to depend wholly on reason, reason finally "can only turn and fall on its own sword." What a mouldy cliché! Let me note its etymology.

It used to be that the sort of people who dreamed that they were as sensitive as T. S. Eliot would tag those to whom they wished to feel superior as Awful People. Awful People meant anyone with a different income or ethnic background from their own. But in this country nowadays, what with the new social requisites against any open show of race prejudices, or class awareness, one may no longer refer to "those Awful People." Instead, by inverting racial and social snootiness into posh psychological insight, one employs the now proper phrase: "those *Self-Destructive People.*" If anyone is showing you into a gas chamber, then, or browbeating your child, or making you suffer in some other perhaps less dramatic way, and you cry out in pain, or protest, or simply in *description* (since it hurts), you will immediately be warned by friendly bystanders that you are being "self-destructive," or, worse, showing signs of Self-Pity. (What a godsend the Self-Pity ploy has turned out to be to those who hate talent, honesty—or sheer *articulateness!*) Generally, I've noticed that these who are tagged as being "self-destructive" look awfully much like those who used to be hung up on the "awful people" tag.

What a jolt, then, to find so usually-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responsible a critic as Dean Fitch willy-nilly using such a trite line against one of our most distinguished and appealing writers. And she's been brought to this sorry pass, the Dean explains, because her work is lacking in Noble Universal Values. Of those the Dean enumerates for us, like Reason, Freedom, etc., there are only two which one can say unarguably are not there as Noble Values in Miss McCarthy's work. These are God and Immortality. And those are the big two for the Dean; they are, if you will, *his* Key Symbols. At this point we become embarrassedly aware that what Dean Fitch tries to palm off an "those who run with the liberal Left" as moral superiority is nothing more than jolly old-fashioned denominational interest. Not offered decorously, either; rather, one remembers the lines of one of Byron's pals about

> These stiff-rump'd buzzards who evince the vigor
> Of Christian virtue with Unchristian rigor.

What with his vigorous denominational interest, it is perfectly understandable that the Dean should ask of fictioneers and critics that they present a puritanized discussion of sex certified in the name of middle-class attitudes toward "Love." In this campaign for accredited styles in sex and feeling, the writings of the Dean and of colleagues of his, like Edmund Fuller, have reached the proportions—and limitations—of what I have called a party line—party line because the hue and cry over Noble Universal Values is seen to be based on a particular social and religious slant.

WHAT, one wonders, would Dean Fitch have to say about such San Francisco bobby-soxers as Kerouac and Ginsberg—in whose writing Noble Universal Values, as some academics have already gleefully noticed, are smeared all over the place; from whose works, furthermore, there emanates something of the true Platonic Stink.

But I have enough confidence in Dean Fitch to feel that his response to such posies — Noble Universals and all — would be as cool as my own. These may serve as my final example, however, of how dogmatic slants on Noble Values, as on other subjects over which Miss McCarthy herself has cast her marvellous eye—simply won't do.

The Habit of Truth

by C. P. Snow

DR. BRONOWSKI has had a career which seems ironic to those who admire him most. He possesses one of the most lucid and articulate intelligences of our time; he has done creative work both in mathematics and poetry; he has considered force and authority of character: and somehow it has all not quite added up. Not that he is unknown in his own country. On the contrary, in England he is one of the half-dozen intellectuals whom taxi-drivers might know by sight. But that is not because of the achievements that have always seemed within his power, but because he is the outstanding member of the BBC Television Brains Trust.

Science and Human Values, by J. Bronowski (Messner; $3).

Somehow, though he has been a reliable and picturesque citizen for a good many years, throwing in his weight on the side of sweetness and light, it has never seemed quite good enough for a man so splendidly equipped. Perhaps we were all, including Bronowski himself, expecting too much from him. Anyway, the joyful fact is that he has now in a tiny volume of three lectures together amounting to no more than a longish short story, said with astounding edge and illumination precisely what he and he alone was born to say. *Science and Human Values* is a remarkable book, and the affirmation of a remarkable man. If I were trying to select six works, in order to explain to an intelligent non-scientist something of the deepest meaning of science, Bronowski's would be one of them.

The three chapters of the book are called *The Creative Mind, The Habit of Truth, The Sense of Human Dignity*, and they get better and more original as they go on. There is in fact nothing especially original about the first chapter, which, though presented with great width of reference, is merely a restatement of the view that the creative experience in *e.g.* poetry and mathematics is at the root identical. That has been said a good many times before. I have said it myself; so I believe there is a truth in it. But it is not quite such an unqualified truth as Bronowski's opposition would have us believe.

Between the experience of writing a lyric poem (such as those by Goethe and Yeats which Bronowski quotes), and seeing one's way through a theorem in number-theory, the expression is close: but between the extended performance of, say, *War and Peace* and the discovery of the nucleus, the differences in the creative act are at least as marked as the resemblances.

Still, that doesn't matter much. The scientific experience exists; and from it, in the second and third chapters, Bronowski reveals, as has never been revealed before, how from that experience there grows a scientific ethic, a moral vision which is different in kind from a *code* of conduct.

PEOPLE who ought to know better, scientists among them, have been fond of thinking of science as being morally neutral. Nothing could be more naïve. The habit of truth, on which science depends as no other human activity does, is in itself a moral habit; investigation is in itself a moral act (which is incidentally what gives Proust his moral backbone). It is from this foundation that Bronowski has built a structure of values, built them with what he himself has called the ethical enthusiasm of his rabbinical ancestors, but also with poetic feeling and a passionate identification with the human future. The result is at the same time convincing to the intellect and curiously moving: one has that sense which one used to have when first being bowled over by a work of art, somehow mixed up of "how wonderful life is" and "how wonderful life could be."

Notes on Contributors

T. J. ROSS is on the English faculty of Wayne University. MAX LERNER'S newest book is *America as a Civilization*. C. P. SNOW is the distinguished British novelist. A New Mexico poet, REEVE SPENCER KELLEY is preparing a new book of poems about the West. HANS ROGGER teaches Russian and European history at Sarah Lawrence College.

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I'll Take an Artichoke

by Peter Salmon

SOMEWHERE in *The Dud Avocado*, while a group of young Americans in Paris are making a round of the night spots, they are sternly informed by an older compatriot that whatever they are doing, they are doing it a couple of decades too late. "Twenty years too late for Paris, twenty years too late for Spain. . . . "

And, indeed, in this novel, as in the other similar ones that have preceded it, there is a continuing awareness, among all the characters, of the examples set them by earlier generations of expatriates. *The Dud Avocado* has a couple of boys, "very d'après Hemingway, one of them even named Cohen, just returned from Spain." And its people, possessors of Fulbrights, or Guggenheims or some of the other grants that seem to bestow a guilty conscience along with the money, are very much aware of the importance of being Ernest, even though they seem to have got off Scott-free.

The Dud Avocado, by Elaine Dundy (Dutton; $3.50).

Sally Jay Gorce, the appealing (you keep wanting to pat her boyish head reassuringly) heroine, is in France to spend a couple of years and a large amount of cash given her by an uncle, learning what she didn't find out about life in four years at an American woman's college. Life, as in all novels of this type, means sex, and Sally Jay goes after it hot and fast.

She has "experiences" with a number of men, but somehow her accounts of them are no naïve, so innocent, so basically unbelievable. She moves from bed to bed, like a restless oyster; and with just about as much sex appeal. There is a promising scene in her hotel bath. "As I lay there, washing myself, the mirror covering the wall around the tub began to steam up. I remembered how I used to count the times I'd been to bed with Teddy on it, keeping score like in a game of bridge: one, two, three, four upright sticks and a diagonal slash for five. And so on. . . . " Promising until a closer examination reveals that this is more a matter of syntax than of sin.

Stylistically, the book belongs to the newest school.The reader doesn't have to scan very many of the author's pages before he is able to catch her in the rye. Take this paragraph, in which Sally Jay is musing, again, about her first seducer:

> There is a terrific movie which gets shown a lot around Art cinemas, even though it is a very old one, and I always try to see it if I can. It is called *The Scoundrel,* and it has Noel Coward in it as this great Wolf. At one point when his latest victim comes around and begs him on her knees to take her back, he removes the boutonierre from the lapel of his dinner jacket and murmuring forgive-me-my-dear-for-stooping-to-symbolism, he tosses the flower into his highball and drowns it with a squirt of the soda syphon. So you know what I mean? *That's* the sort of thing I brought myself up on. I mean that's more like it.

And *I* mean that this is only one sample of many, and it's odd to hear this college graduate talking like Holden Caulfield. I mean it really is.

NOVELS about Americans in Paris are written, if for anyone, for other Americans writing novels in Paris. And in this one there are a series of private jokes which exclude the general public. There is, for instance, the self-described

> . . . colorful eccentric all these characters write about. Hey, do you know I'm in three books already? Met an Englishman called Tynan in Spain a while ago and he put me in his bull fight book.

It just happens I can understand this one. Light years removed from Paris and Spain and London, I still know that Kenneth Tynan, who is probably the best critic of the theatre writing in English, is also Mr. Elaine Dundy. And even if I didn't know this, I could have read it on the book's jacket. But there are obviously plenty of other private jokes that missed me more than I miss them.

The Dud Avocado derives its title from a scene in which a Hungarian movie director describes American girls as "just like avocados. . . . A hard center with the tender meat all wrapped in a shiny casing. . . . How I love them. . . . So green—so eternally green." Well, I

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know a few of these young girls myself, and while I don't think the botanical analogy is necessarily the best one, I'll meet Miss Dundy on her own vegetable patch and say that I should have chosen the artichoke. Certainly, this book, and its heroine, are like one—a little prickly and a little tasteless on the outside, but good at heart.

The publisher has served us *The Dud Avocado* set in a salad of praise from the British critics. The word "brilliant" appears on the dust jacket no fewer than five times. It's not quite that bright; at least I was able to read it without putting on sunglasses. But it is pleasant and it is gay, and it does reveal, for those who care to know, what goes on inside the sack and particularly in the pretty head that sticks out of it.

Russian vs. *American Education*

by Hans Rogger

IT IS PERHAPS unfair to blame a book for the claims that have been made on its behalf. But after all the fanfare that attended this book's publication and the promises of the dust jacket ("a presentation of the total problem we now face in dealing with the Communist threat . . . a fundamental book"), after a foreword by John Gunther, a prefatory note by Adlai Stevenson and an editorial preface by the Dean of the Columbia University School of Journalism, it *is* something of a disappointment to find that Mr. Benton's book consists for the most part of articles and speeches that have been published or held elsewhere, and that there is a good deal of repetition even within the present text. A good thing bears repeating, but at this stage of the debate on Russian versus American education the reader may be forgiven for feeling that he has already heard a good deal of what Mr. Benton has to say.

This is the Challenge, by William Benton (Associated College Presses; $3.95).

The theme which Mr. Benton has repeatedly stressed since his return from the Soviet Union in late 1955 retains, of course, its validity. He deserves great credit for being one of the first to alert the American public to the realities of Soviet power at a time when some of our most responsible leaders complacently thought of the USSR as a giant with feet of clay. There can be no quarrel with his thesis that the Soviets have made extraordinary efforts in the fields of education and propaganda; that these efforts have generally had a high degree of success; and that we had better do something quick to expand and improve our own propaganda effort, our educational system and educational opportunity. Nor is there fundamental disagreement with the suggestions Mr. Benton makes to remedy the situation: an overhaul of the curriculum of our schools and the elimination of frills; an increase in our annual expenditure on primary and secondary education by about $10 billion; federal support to the states which would amount 10 years from now to $5 billion for 50 million pupils; an expanded program of cultural exchanges with the Iron Curtain countries, and an American policy and program of information that would have some promise of reaching the people of these countries.

Doubts about the usefulness of statistical comparisons in two dissimilar educational systems and societies do not detract from the force of Mr. Benton's observations. One of the most important of these is that the training Russian youngsters receive in their schools is far less distorted by political indoctrination than many of us had wanted to believe. The basic skills and tools that a complex society needs are transmitted, no matter what the underlying ideology. The problem of unfulfilled expectations, created by the promise of free, universal 10-year education in the USSR, is not mentioned by Mr. Benton, and, understandably, it is not central to his present concerns.

Where one might quarrel with him and his editors is about the manner in which his material is presented. One expects to find between hard covers a more deliberate and fundamental discussion of the issues raised than is possible in the pages of a newspaper or in testimony before a Congressional Committee. The language and the style of public utterance have been fully retained here and, as a result, the book seems always to be speaking at the top of its voice. Gauntlets and challenges are flung, systems duel and compete. If all this will help to get a decent education bill through Congress, let's have more of it. But to create a public awareness that will outlast the lifetime of a Sputnik of what needs to be done in education, as well as in other fields, it might be better to put less stress on the Communist challenge and to speak instead of our own needs and aspirations. Otherwise, as Senator Benton himself realizes, we shall constantly waver between despair and smugness, between an overestimation and an underestimation of a challenge that, after all, confronts us regardless of the Soviet Union.

Back Again From Yucca Flats

I SAW it light the cactus sky
And all the physicists were there,
Galileo, Gauss and Boyle,
Electric currents in their hair:

Roger Bacon, Mariotte,
Volta, Ohm, and Faraday,
And four and twenty blackbirds
That screamed and flew away:

Eve and Eve Curie,
And David with his functional sling:
He would have searched in vain for pebbles
Across that fused Goliath's ring.

REEVE SPENCER KELLEY

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ART

The Revolution in Art

THE PHRASE above ordinarily has one universally accepted meaning. In that meaning, the revolution is an attribute of art or, more properly, of art history. In that meaning, the revolution began in France almost a century and a half ago and has been headquartered there until quite recently, when the revolutionary spirit, which has long been the established government, shifted its camp or its castle to New York. The phases of the revolution are readily discernible and as clearly marked as geological strata: first the revolt toward the way things really are: then the revolt toward the way things really look; toward the hidden geometry of things; toward the geometry of picture making without too much regard for the things being made into pictures; toward what was taken for subconscious reality; toward the primacy of the reality of paint itself and the burning reality of putting it onto canvas; toward the somehow more real reality of sand and gravel and the stimulating discovery that such substances, if mixed with paint, will cling to canvas. At this end things begin to get a little mixed up and dozens of private revolutions may be discerned and defined in any major exhibition of American painting.

I should like to suggest that "the revolution in art" can have another meaning, equivalent to "the Trinity in art," or "the Resurrection in art." No one would take the first to mean three dominant painters, nor the second to mean the revival of art activity after a period of disuse. A more precise analogy to the revolution in art would be Christianity in art.

As at once a central theme itself and a thesaurus of subthemes, Christianity completely dominated European painting and sculpture from the earliest post-antique art we know well into the 17th Century. It is not fashionable now to speak of themes in art, but if a moment's acceptance is given the idea that technique in itself is more properly of interest to the artist than to audience, it will be seen that the only theme remotely comparable to Christianity in scope of influence has been the revolution. Not the technical revolution which has climbed for 15 decades to the dizzying heights of paint dribbled and canvas cut up and pasted back together, but the social revolution understood in as broad a sense as possible. This it is that has lighted the vision of artists and gripped their publics. This it is that has succeeded Christianity.

But that succession has not at all been like the succession of Orthodoxy by the League of Militant Atheists in Moscow. On the contrary, the seeds of the revolution in art, like those of the social revolution itself, may be found in Christianity, taking that term too in a broad sense so as to include the parent Judaism. For the spirit of the social revolution seems to appear at its earliest in Western culture in the prophetic writings of the Old Testament.

There is in those writings and there is throughout revolutionary art a rage and sorrow at the way things are and a burning determination to bring low the mighty. The spirit of the revolution in art is much less concerned with building a new and more just scheme of things than with simply making the piercing cry sublimely burlesqued as "Down with everything that's up! "

The Christian concept of the last judgment is patently a revolutionary theme. In looking at Romanesque manuscript illuminations and at Gothic tympani sculpture of the judgment, we often realize that we are seeing an expression very close to that behind old-fashioned revolutionary oratory remembered for the phrase, "Comes the revolution. . . ." The last judgment *is* the revolution and in the majority of representations of it, the anonymous artist goes out of his way to show the path to hell strewn not with primroses but with imperial scepters, princely crowns, episcopal mitres and papal tiaras. It is here that the revolution begins, in the perception of and insistence upon a profound and perhaps unbridgeable gulf between the existing rule, spiritual as well as temporal, and an eternal justice. Conscious Christian thought refrained from taking the measure of this gulf until Lord Acton, in the late 19th Century, but Christian art depicted it from the first.

One of the most interesting, though not really surprising, things about the revolution in art is that great social revolutions have not produced great, or even any, revolutionary art. The French Revolution gave scope to the talents of David, a court painter to the bone. The Russian Revolution led to the most conformist, uncritical, hallelujah shouting art in history and the American Revolution produced chiefly Gilbert Stuart.

The revolutionary artist seems to exist best in a society conceived as unjust but not efficient enough at injustice to be absolute in the modern sense. Basically there are no revolutionary artists in Russia for the same reason there were none in the Third Reich: injustice has been endowed with all but total efficiency.

As the revolution in art begins to flourish with Goya at the end of the 18th Century, we are struck by the remarkable affinity between the revolutionary attitude and the print media. Goya was the most curious court painter we know of. His royal portraits are themselves often revolutionary documents, but it is in the great print series that the spirit breaks loose. The Caprices, like Hogarth's series but much more savagely, unmask the avarice and lust behind the social conventions of sex. The Disasters of War creates in a single stroke the modern view of mankind's oldest social activity. The revolutionary attitude grows with the century and its spokesmen—Daumier, Lautrec and at the very end Kaethe Kollwitz—speak more eloquently in print than in paint.

The 15th Century woodcuts of the Dance of Death were revolutionary in spirit—like the tympani, like the illuminations—and it is more than the wider, popular audience. There is also the nature of the medium: cutting with knives, burning with acids, implacable patience working its will on hard wood and harder metal.

Of the three leading revolutionary artists of our own time and place, Evergood and Shahn, in different ways, use paint for their social ends in astringently limited ways, almost at times as if they were creating color prints. The third, Jack Levine, has achieved the ultimate triumph of the revolution in art, the conversion to broadly social purposes of the historically aristocratic art of beautiful painting. FRANK GETLEIN

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RECORDS

Van Cliburn and his Contemporaries

PAUL HENRY LANG'S admonitions to Van Cliburn—in the *New York Herald Tribune* after Cliburn's concert—to forswear the path of flashy virtuosity seemed to make sense about the pianist about whom one knew only that he had wowed the Moscow public with Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninoff Concertos. But one discovers that they make no sense about the pianist who plays the Tchaikovsky Concerto on Victor LM-2252 and whom Lang heard play it in Carnegie Hall. For it turns out that Cliburn is, certainly, playing an inferior work of Tchaikovsky that has become a virtuoso display piece, but that the operation is—like Toscanini's performance of the *Dance of the Hours*—strictly that of a musician playing a piece of music and employing for the purpose not only a remarkable technical equipment but an equally remarkable and distinguished musical perception and taste. And one might add that the performance on LM-2252 is that of the pianist who—it also turns out in an interview—recalls as the most wonderful moment in his Moscow experiences his having to get up four times to acknowledge the applause after his performance of a Mozart sonata; who—it turns out further—competed for the Leventritt award a few years ago with performances of two Beethoven sonatas, and earlier for the Chopin prize with a Bach Partita; and who, it would seem from all this, needs no admonitions to forswear the path of flashy virtuosity.

No less wide of the mark is Winthrop Sargeant's description of Cliburn, in the *New Yorker*, as

> a living representative of the great 19th and early 20th Century school of virtuosity, which included such formidable artists as Sergei Rachmaninoff, Josef Lhevinne, and Josef Hofmann, and it is indeed heartening to find the traditions of this school flourishing again in one so young.

As one who grew up on the playing of Hofmann and Lhevinne *I* am heartened by the fact that Cliburn's playing is not like theirs. Sargeant refers correctly to Cliburn's "tasteful and assured use of rubato," but then adds "in the style of the distinguished virtuosos of the past," which is incorrect: what distinguishes Cliburn from those virtuosos is precisely his tasteful use of the rubato which they used tastelessly. The 19th and early 20th Centuries were a period in which the instrumental virtuoso distorted music for the same exhibitionistic purpose, and as tastelessly, as the virtuoso singer. The practice has continued, and can still be heard in the performances of some singers, instrumentalists and conductors today; but today it is condemned by the standards of the taste exemplified in the modern practice of other performers—Toscanini, Rethberg, Flagstad, Bjoerling, Szigeti, Schnabel. And that modern taste is what one hears in Cliburn's playing: even in the Tchaikovsky Concerto his rubato is controlled by the feeling for plastic proportion and coherence in shape of phrase that Toscanini exhibits even in the *Dance of the Hours*.

To listen to Cliburn is to be delighted, excited and even awed by talent so rich and so sure in one so young; it is not, however, to be electrified as one was by the very first phrase of Glenn Gould's statement of the theme of Bach's *Goldberg Variations*—by, that is, the more sharply incisive shaping and greater tension, in which one heard a more forceful mind and a more highly developed technical mastery capable of finer differentiation of tone by gradations of volume. One is electrified now again by the very first phrase of Bach's Partita No. 5 that Gould plays on Columbia ML-5186—by the power, the authority, the sustained tension that compel one's continued fascinated attention for the rest of this dull piece. And both his intellectual power and his technical mastery are evident in the amazing way in which he maintains this sustained life not just in one but in all the interweaving strands of the contrapuntal textures in the Partita No. 6 and the Fugues in E major and F sharp major from Book 2 of The *Well-Tempered Clavier*. I can't recall another pianist achieving anything like this playing of counterpoint, or achieving everything else in these performances that makes them so extraordinary.

If one were to judge Gary Graffman only by his sensational performance of the final crescendo of Prokofiev's Piano Concerto No. 3 one would place him well up near Gould and Cliburn. But if one considers also his performances of Schumann's Sonata Op. 22 and *Etudes Symphoniques* on Victor LM-2190 one must place him well below them. For his percussive playing of the Schumann pieces reveals his lack of what is outstanding in Gould and Cliburn—the ability to produce note-to-note continuities of tension, and with these to produce coherence groupings of the successive notes.

Serkin, on Columbia ML-5246, exhibits the same inability to connect notes in musical groupings in his thumping out of the fugue of Variation 32 in Beethoven's *Diabelli Variations;* and there is no continuity of tension in his playing of Variations 14, 20, 29 and 31; but his playing of the other variations is adequate. I recommend Leonard Shure's performance on Epic LC-3382.

FINALLY several outstanding releases of chamber music, which I can do little more than mention. Haydn Society has reissued on two records, 9017 and 9021, the six Quartets Op. 33 of Haydn formerly on three records—superb works, superbly performed by the Schneider Quartet. On Epic LC-3443 I Musici, with Felix Ayo as solo violinist, complete their recording of Vivaldi's *Il Cimento dell' Armonia e dell' Invenzione* with excitingly beautiful performances of the Concertos Nos. 9 to 12. Vanguard BG-572/4 offers excellent performances of Vivaldi's *L'Estro Armonico* by a Vienna State Opera chamber group under Rossi, with Jan Tomasow and Willi Boskowski as solo violinists. And Vanguard BG-570/1 offers a number of fine vocal and instrumental pieces by Purcell, beautifully performed by a group that includes the countertenor Alfred Deller, the excellent soprano April Cantelo and baritone Maurice Bevan, and the brilliant harpsichordist George Malcolm.

B. H. HAGGIN

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MOVIES

More War

IN A RECENT interesting letter to the *New Statesman,* Orson Welles discussed, among other things, the disfavor into which the normal-aperture, black-and-white camera has fallen and said that, if its use is now becoming a dead language, he is "a candid partisan of the old eloquence." One hastens to his side after seeing two current movies of famous war novels, *A Time to Love and A Time to Die* and *The Naked and the Dead,* both filmed wide and in color. There is a great deal more wrong with them than just the cameras employed, but a good start toward failure is made when intimate scenes are bloated to the dimensions of landscapes and when color,

A Time to Love and a Time to Die (Universal-International). *The Naked and the Dead* (Warner).

whether Techni or Eastman, is so lurid that it injects a feeling of gay spuriousness into serious pictures. The mountains of Panama (where the Mailer book was filmed) may in fact look like settings for a Shubert operetta, but then a grim film made there must be good enough to render the background ironic. Otherwise, as is the case here, one expects the platoon advancing through the jungle to burst at any moment into "Stout-hearted Men."

The film of Remarque's book is compared, by means of a sound-track prologue, with the film of *All Quiet on the Western Front.* The comparison is remote. The later novel, though not as good as Remarque's World War I novels nor as powerful as those of Theodore Plevier (the best German novelist of World War II), is skillful and frequently moving. The film has left the story line relatively intact, but it has lost most of the bitter flavor. It tells of a young German soldier's three-week leave from the Russian front in 1944, his love affair and marriage in his raid-wrecked home town, his increasing disillusionment, his return to the front and his death. On balance, the script by Orin Jannings is not bad, but it has been directed ploddingly by Douglas Sirk, is murkily scored by Miklos Rozsa, and is weakly performed. A newcomer named John Gavin, who has an attractive face, plays the lead. Gavin cannot be criticized; he is simply a non-actor and must be wished a long, happy life as a bank manager or insurance broker. Lilo Pulver (whose first name on the German screen is Liselotte) is spirited, pretty, and has some talent. Her accent, however, is a barrier, and her gift is more for winsome and touching comedy than for drama. As two German soldiers, Don DeFore and Keenan Wynn are pure Beverly Hills. Remarque himself tries his hand at acting a small part, and I was reminded of the story of Gertrude Stein who, when she heard that Picasso had written a play, rushed up to him in the street, shook him by the shoulders and said, "I write! You paint! I write! You paint!"

This is another movie showing us that all the "good" Germans were anti-Nazi, that only sadists and dolts supported Hitler and they were in the minority. There is a scene in an air-raid shelter in which we see a bereaved mother, two kindly old gents playing chess, and other *gemütlich* types, all waiting apprehensively as bombers fly over. My withers remained unwrung. We can aspire to the Tolstoyan peak where all of us are equally guilty of each other's crimes, but until we reach it we must ask where these Germans were when Poland was invaded, when the 1940 blitzkrieg gulped down Europe, when Coventry and London were blasted. Were these gentle sufferers so depressed when things were going well for Adolf? We remember Lloyd George's post-World War I injunction to "stop snarling," and we think "Yes, but they must stop saying they never really wanted Hitler to win."

TO the Pacific for *The Naked and the Dead,* Norman Mailer's book, ten years after publication, is still the best American novel about the World War. Re-reading it, one cannot help noting that its intellectual discussions are somewhat tedious, its writing rarely distinguished, and the previous civilian lives of all the characters so miserable that war could not have markedly increased their unhappiness. Still Mailer's sense of architecture, his ability to give to chaotic events a meaningful artistic shape without glibness or contrivance, endow his book with craggy, monolithic solidity.

The picture that has been made from it, by screenwriters Denis and Terry Sanders, director Raoul Walsh, and producer Paul Gregory, is not merely a failure, it is a disgrace. It is small praise for Mailer to say that his book deserved a better film than this *mélange* of eviscerated, distorted snatches from the novel. The result is just one more Lost Patrol film, with the boy from Brooklyn, the one from Texas, the Italian, and so on. Some in Hollywood still think that by inserting such words as "Jew" and "wop" and "damn" and "hell" into a trite script, you make it mature and realistic.

As Sergeant Croft, Aldo Ray adds one more to his gallery of incompetent performances. Cliff Robertson as Hearn is genial but depthless. General Cummings is played by Raymond Massey, always a basically incredible actor and here especially miscast. Even Bernard Herrmann, who has composed such scores as the superb one for *Citizen Kane,* wobbles badly in this picture. Some of the suspense music is good, but most of his score is poor. For example, on the beach at the end, one of the soldiers prays for a boat to take them off, and as the boat sure-enough appears, the French horns breathe some nice country-choir chords of thanksgiving.

Relentlessly ingenious, the producer has even found a way to get the noted strip-teaser, Lili St. Cyr, into the film. And when the story no longer lets her be present in person, a life-size picture of her is used to help sustain the general tastelessness of the whole effort.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

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